

AMERICAN
Turf Register and Sporting Magazine.

FEBRUARY, 1841.

Embellishments:

PORTRAIT OF PORTSMOUTH:

Engraved on Steel by PRUD'HOMME, from a Painting by De Lattre.

SETTLING FOR THE DERBY—LONG ODDS AND LONG FACES:

On Steel by DICK, after CRUIKSHANK.

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THIS NUMBER CONTAINS FOUR SHEETS, OR SIXTY-FOUR PAGES.

TO READERS AND CORRESPONDENTS.

"B."s article in continuation of the Stock of Tennessee, has been received, and will appear in the March number.

"Curiosus" has again come into the arena, and prepared a long article on the subject of "Thorough Breeding and the Theory of Sagittarius." We have not yet had it in hand long enough to peruse it, but knowing the admirable qualities of our friend as a writer, and with a keen recollection of his paper upon "Race Horses, Roses, and Pretty Women," we need not hesitate to promise for his last production an insertion.

In our next number will appear a Portrait and Memoir of Imported Riddlesworth.

The Blood Stock of several gentlemen, already in type for the present number, has been unavoidably crowded out.

The publication of the Magazine has been delayed by the humorous illustration of the Settling Day at the Corner," which was received at a late hour, but which we desired to give our readers.

The letter of L. S., of Ky., reached us at too late an hour to note its contents this month.

MEMOIR OF PORTSMOUTH,

BRED BY THE LATE DANIEL DUGGER ;

NOW THE PROPERTY OF EDWARD J. WILSON, OF VIRGINIA.

For one of the embellishments of the February number of the *Turf Register*, a Portrait of Portsmouth has been selected; his distinguished career upon the Turf, and especially his Match with Boston, entitle him to this honor. The writer of this Memoir never saw the horse, but can bear witness to the fidelity with which the Engraver has copied the painting of De Lattre, said to be one of that artist's most successful efforts. The Blood and Performances of Portsmouth, simply detailed, will tell more eloquently his eminence as a Race Horse, and his value in the Stud, than a labored and extended article in his praise; we shall therefore make this paper as brief as a fair statement of his history will allow.

Portsmouth was got by Imp. Luzborough, out of Polly Peachem by John Richards. Polly Peachem was out of Fair Forester, who was got by Imp. Chance, out of Celia by Symme's Old Wildair—Lady Bolingbroke by Imp. Pantaloon—Cades by Wormley's King Herod—Primrose by Imp. Dove—Stella by Othello—Tasker's Imp. Selima by The Godolphin Arabian.

Portsmouth was bred by the late Daniel Dugger, of Brunswick County, Virginia, in 1835. Upon the death of that gentleman in 1837, his Blood stock was sold at auction, and at the following commanding prices; we give the prices, as they indicate the estimation in which Polly Peachem and her produce were held, although Portsmouth had not then come out.

Maria West (Wagner's dam), by Marion, dam by Citizen.....	\$1750 00
Polly Peachem, by John Richards, dam by Imp. Chance.....	1555 00
A three-year-old filly by Sir Charles, out of Polly Peachem (Polly Green).....	1700 00
A three-year-old filly by Sir Charles, out of an Archy mare.....	180 00
A three-year-old colt by Imp. Luzborough, dam by Virginian.....	625 00
A two-year-old colt by Imp. Luzborough, out of Polly Peachem (Portsmouth).....	1555 00
A two-year-old colt by Imp. Luzborough, dam by Gohanna.....	160 00
A yearling colt by Imp. Fylde, out of Polly Peachem (Norfolk).....	1020 00
A yearling filly by Eclipse, out of Maria West (Fanny).....	1700 00
A filly foal by Imp. Shakspeare, out of Polly Peachem (Dolly Thorpe).....	720 00
A filly foal by Imp. Shakspeare, out of Maria West.....	1000 00
A filly foal by Imp. Shakspeare, dam by Gohanna.....	110 00

Mr. John C. Rogers, of North Carolina, was the purchaser of much of this stock, and it is notorious that, still retaining his brood mares, he has sold a small portion of their produce at prices so high as to repay all his original outlay. The reader will remember that all of the produce of Polly Peachem named above, have been winners. Polly Green, Norfolk, and Dolly Thorpe, would either of them have given their dam the reputation of a tried *good* mare; but her highest fame is indicated in the name by which she is most familiarly known—"the dam of Portsmouth." We proceed to the record of the performances of Portsmouth. He first came out for a Stake at Belfield, Va., and by his first performance

gave indication of the powers which subsequently proved to be so eminent.

1838 Belfield, Va., Wednesday, April 11—Sweepstakes for 3 yr. olds, colts 86lbs., fillies 83lbs. Nine subs. at \$100 each, h. ft. Mile heats.

Edw. J. Wilson's br. c. <i>Portsmouth</i> , by Imp. Luzborough, out of Polly Peachem by John Richards	1	1
E. B. Hicks' b. f. Lisette, by Imp. Fylde, out of Theresa by Arab	*	2
J. S. French's b. f. by Imp. Sarpedon, dam by Rasselas	*	3
Edm. Townes' b. f. by Imp. Sarpedon, dam by Sir Archy	*	4
M. T. Hawkins' ch. f. by Mons. Tonson, dam by Timoleon	2	5
E. P. Scott's b. c. by Imp. Luzborough, dam by Virginian	*	6

Time, 1:51—1:53. Track a little heavy. * Not placed.

— Petersburg, Va., Newmarket Course, April 17—Sweepstakes for 3 yr. olds, colts 86lbs., fillies 83lbs. Five subs. at \$200 each, h. ft. Mile heats.

E. J. Wilson's br. c. <i>Portsmouth</i> , by Imp. Luzborough, out of Polly Peachem by John Richards	1	1
O. P. Hare's gr. f. by Andrew, dam by Oscar	2	2
Wm. P. Mason's ch. c. by Goliath, dam by Contention	4	3
Thos. D. Watson's ch. f. by Contention, out of Betsey Graves	3	4

Time, 1:53—1:56.

— Broad Rock, Va., Tuesday, Sept. 25—Sweepstakes for 3 yr. olds, colts 86lbs., fillies 83lbs. Eight subs. at \$500 each, \$200 ft. Two mile heats.

Dr. E. J. Wilson's br. c. <i>Portsmouth</i> , by Imp. Luzborough, out of Polly Peachem by John Richards	1	1
Thos. Omer's ch. f. by Mons. Tonson, out of Aggy	0	2
Wm. McCargo's b. c. Altorf, by Imp. Fylde, dam by Virginian	2	3
Col. Wm. L. White's ch. c. Jack Pendleton, by Goliath—Philip's dam by Trafalgar	0	4
Col. Wm. Wynn's b. c. John Linton, by Imp. Luzborough, out of Flirtilla	3	5
Col. Wm. R. Johnson's b. f. by Mons. Tonson, out of Sally Trent	0	dist.
Isham Puckett's br. c. by Imp. Luzborough, dam by Eclipse	0	dist.
Edm. Townes' ch. c. Brocklesby, by Imp. Luzborough, dam by Roanoke		dist.

Time, 3:54—3:55½.

— Washington, D. C., Tuesday, Oct. 2—Sweepstakes for 3 yr. olds, colts 86lbs., fillies 83lbs. Four subs. at \$500 each, \$200 ft. Two mile heats.

Dr. E. J. Wilson's br. c. <i>Portsmouth</i> , by Imp. Luzborough, out of Polly Peachem by John Richards	1	1
Col. F. Thompson's (Col. Stonestreet's) gr. f. Lily, by Tycheus, out of Laura	2	2
Col. John Heth's (Mr. Hicks') f. by Imp. Fylde, dam by Arab		pd. ft.
Mr. Gettings' b. c. by Imp. Luzborough, out of Betsey Robinson		pd. ft.

Time, 3:49—3:54.

A friend thus described the race for us at the time:—

“The odds before starting were 2 to 1 on the colt, and few or no takers. After one false start they got off well together, the filly having the track—the colt ran right away for the lead, and out-footed the filly in the first six hundred yards. They ran in company, the colt about a length ahead, to the end of the heat, which was done in the honest time of 3:49. The filly did her best, beyond a doubt, but it was said by many that the colt ran the entire heat under a pull after he got the track. He was, however, evidently the most distressed of the two, and as a good deal was said about Lily's bottom, it was still regarded as a doubtful matter which would win.

“Off they go in the second heat, the colt ahead about one length, until upon the last mile, when he let out a few kinks, and put himself nearly a distance ahead—in the last quarter, the rider gave Lily the whip, most severely, and brought her well up within her distance. Time, 3:54.

“Portsmouth is a ‘sumptuous colt,’ much after the building of Picton—is nearly, if not exactly, of the same color, and is as pretty a runner as you will find in five hundred. He moves all upon his ambition, and seems to be the whole time with his fore legs well put out before, and his entire body stretched to his utmost extent. He is going to be one of the great horses of our country, if allowed a fair chance. If he is to be slaughtered up in his three-year-old

form in broken Four mile heats with aged horses, it were better for the general interest of the Turf that he should be from this time distanced in all his races.

— Tarboro', N. C. Nov. 6—Sweepstakes for 3 yr. olds, colts 86lbs., fillies 83lbs. Four subs. at \$100 each, h. ft. Mile heats.
 Dr. E. J. Wilson's br. c. *Portsmouth*, by Imp. Luzborough, out of Polly Peachem by John Richards 1 1
 J. S. French's ch. f. *Fleta*, by Imp. Sarpedon, dam by Rasselas 2 2
 Thomas Christmas' ch. c. by Contest, dam by Sir William 3 dist.
 Dr. Thos. Payne's (H. Maclin's) b. c. by Imp. Luzborough, dam by Virginian pd.ft.
 Time, 1:56½—2:02. Track 46 yards over a mile.

Betting, 5 to 1 on Portsmouth, who won at his ease.

1839 Norfolk, Va., Friday, April 4—Purse \$700, free for all ages, Virginia weights, Four mile heats.

Dr. E. J. Wilson's br. c. *Portsmouth*, by Imp. Luzborough, out of Polly Peachem by John Richards walked over.

— Petersburg, Va., Newmarket Course, Tuesday, April 16—Match, \$10,000 a side, \$3000 ft. Two mile heats.

J. C. Rogers & Co.'s (Dr. E. J. Wilson's) br. c. *Portsmouth*, by Imp. Luzborough, out of Polly Peachem by John Richards, 4 yrs., 100lbs 1 1
 Col. W. R. Johnson's (N. Rives') ch. h. Boston, by Timoleon, out of Robin Brown's dam by Ball's Florizel, 6 yrs., 118lbs 2 2
 Time, 3:50—3:48. Track in fine order.

A correspondent of the "Spirit of the Times" thus briefly described this famous Match:—

"The great race between Boston and Portsmouth has just come off. Portsmouth won easily in 3:50—3:48. In the first heat Boston did not get a good start; he tried it on in the last mile, but could not get up to the colt. In the second heat the start was good, and Boston went off at his best speed, but was outfooted in the first hundred and fifty yards, though he kept well up, and collared Portsmouth as they passed the stand in the first mile; he was shook off immediately, however, and though he made strong running, he had no chance to win, as the colt had something in hand throughout the heat, and widened the gap in the run home.

"Portsmouth is a 'crowder' for two miles, at least, and if he had been called upon, could have made time 'mighty low down in the forties.'

"The time—3:48—is very fast over the Newmarket Course, though the colt, had he been pushed, would have made time seldom seen 'in these parts.'"

A more humorous correspondent of the same paper—"Boots"—graphically described the race in the following letter:—

NEWMARKET, April 16th, 1839.

"DEAR SIR: The great struggle is over! the snake's dead and his length measured, and jist afore he stretched out entire, he sort a curled up some, and come a heap short o' public expectation: but these things will take place sometimes you know, in the *best* of *that* family. The match 'twixt Boston and Portsmouth (now, by rights, Portsmouth and Boston,) came off to-day midst the thousand thrills of applause that burst from exulting bosoms.

"Up to four o'clock yesterday evening, expectation was depressed, and disappointment was throwing its shadow over the sombre visages of the hundreds who had thronged to witness the progress and result of so exciting a contest—it being seriously apprehended, from a series of strong presumptions, that one of the

parties (the 'Boss' of 'the Concern') wouldn't come to taw 'before Tea.' *Little Boots*, however, was thar' among 'em, catching the odds on the event, and laying on the *heel-taps* thick; and when it got to 'two to one' that *that ar* Boss would come up, like Mr. Hugh Watt's sheep, 'a missing,' why you might have seen him 'playing on the *pint*,' and pressing for the 'Cu' with the raal 'red stack.'

"Awake!—"Tis morn—the fatal day; hope hangs breathless on a hint, and beautifully the sun through the mellow haze of spring sent his horizontal beam, as his 'broad golden disk' peer'd above the forest head; and gently in 'the grove' the merry tapping of the blacksmith's hammer on the 'plates,' gave its cheering music to the morn. Doubt was quelled, and certainty begat active scrutiny in the many 'rings' of anxious 'Speculation.'

"Tis ten o'clock: up roll the thousand volumes of 'Olympic' dust as the glistening wheels whirl it in mid-air. The Pavilion's crowded to overflowing; the booths, the trees, fences, carriage tops, are burdened with the anxious throng; and on the field, where the young rye waves its green blades in the breeze, a moving mass of *Hope-full* humanity is seen. Hope paints her bright pictures in the bosoms of all, and animation sparkles in their eyes. The horses are stript;—the spreading blast of the bugle breaks upon the mellow air, and the noble coursers prick their ears to its music; it thrills through the grove, and awaken's ambition's pulse. Each eyes the other with tremendous dread. Old Boston's rich satin glistens in the meridian sun, and *power's* bold lines course beautifully over his shape: majesty's in his mien, and terror in his triumphant stride. But, nevertheless, the glossy silk (not reared upon the multicaulis, nor yet the meadow oat) of the dark, *wiry*, four year old, soon caught the eye; nimbleness in his pace, and in his quick glance the fire of the 'forest born.'—2 to 1 on Boston, and few takers.

"They come to taw: Old Boston backs and hesitates for the conflict—the drum is tapped—off they go; the Luzzy on the inside, a whirling of it about thirty yard a-head in the first quarter, Boston snuffling along behind at evidently an inconvenient stroke. It very soon became evident that the 'Old Stager' was not himself, and would be beat. But the whip and spur takes out the kinks, and he inches up a little; the first mile is finished, and the gap still a wide one; as the last one runs out, that ar' gap widens, and victory echoes in the thrilling shouts of the crowd. Long visages now make haggard the merry aspect of the Boston throng, and long 'rolls' of 'Johnny Brokenberry's,' squint with their streaming I's, at something like a transfer. The heat was won easily by Portsmouth in 3:50.

"The odds now got to 2 to 1 on Portsmouth, but the tale was told, and few takers toed the mark. Both cooled off well, and now they again go from the stand; Boston doing his best but never reaching the swift-footed Berry. Boots cotched the odds on Boston, and linkt into them natives smart, I tell you.

"Thus was achieved one of the greatest triumphs recorded in

the annals of the Va. Turf. Thus fell the Crack, the Conqueror, the travelling terror of the Turf. He fell, 'tis true; and hard and heavy was the fall: but he fell to rise with avenging might. Beware of him in the day of his wrath. Thus also was reinstated the heretofore depreciated character of the Luzborough stock. Even 'detraction's' tongue is now silent with its slanders, and consents to his praise.—Time, second heat, 3:48 easy."

— Washington, D. C., Wednesday, May 8—Purse \$500, ent. \$20, free for all ages, 3 yr. olds carrying 86lbs.—4, 105—5, 110—6, 118—7 and upwards, 124lbs.; mares and geldings allowed 3lbs. Three mile heats.

Dr. E. J. Wilson's br. c. <i>Portsmouth</i> , by Imp. Luzborough, out of Polly Peachem by John Richards, 4 yrs.	1	1
Gen. Geo. Gibson's (Mr. Burch's) b. c. Wonder, by Tychicus, out of Nancy Marlborough by Rob Roy, 4 yrs.	2	2
Dr. Crawford's b. c. Sempronius, by Zinganee, dam by Rattler, 4 yrs.	4	3
J. B. Kendall's b. c. Sufferer, by Eclipse, out of Meg Dods by Sir Archy, 4 yrs.	3	4

Time, 5:47—5:48½.

N. of Arkansas thus pithily described this race:—

"Ten to one—falling off a log.

"Of all the horses I ever saw, give me Portsmouth. They call him the *black ram*. He is all symmetry, and such a stifle, shoulder, &c., mortal man never beheld. He can't be beat easily—Boston will find him a troublesome customer at four mile heats."

— Baltimore, Md., Kendall Course, Wednesday, May 15—Purse \$1000, of which \$300 goes to the 2d horse in the last heat, free for all ages, weights same as Washington. Four mile heats.

David McDaniel's b. f. Vashti, by Imp. Leviathan, out of Slazy by Bullock's Mucklejohn, 4 yrs.	3	1	1
Williamson & Townes' b. h. Steel, by Imp. Fylde, out of Dimont (dam of Sally Eubank) by Constitution, 5 yrs.	2	2	2
Dr. E. J. Wilson's (C. Hatcher's) br. c. <i>Portsmouth</i> , by Imp. Luzborough, out of Polly Peachem by John Richards, 4 yrs.	1	3	dr

Time, 7:53—7:46—8:19.

The Editor of this magazine saw the last race, and from his long report we extract all for which we can find room:—

"As soon as the entries were known on Tuesday, the backers of '*the Black Ram*' (as Long named him) opened in great force at 10 to 8 on him *vs.* the field. Steel was the main dependence of the fielders, the Tar river bred filly being considered merely as a make-weight. Before starting, Portsmouth was still more the favorite, and very considerable amounts were laid out on him at 10 to 7.

"Portsmouth is a splendid colt, put up in the highest form; but his race with Boston, and the tremendous run he last week made at Washington, where he won cleverly in 5:47—5:48½, must have made him sore; in the second heat of to-day's race, he lost two of his plates, while a third got loose and turned on his foot! The "old Napoleon" very much fancied him before the race, but remarked after the first heat, that although he won it, he had not the action he had at Newmarket. He is a brown, with scarce a white mark, save a slight ring above the coronet of his off hind foot. As to a description of his "pints," take Pete's—"jist imagin the pictur of a d—d thunderin' fine horse—the best four-year-old in the world," and you have some idea of Portsmouth—But we must saddle and lead up.

"THE RACE.—Vashti had the track, but gave it up on the first turn to Portsmouth, who led to the finish; Steel made all the running during the heat, the pace being very moderate; he and Vashti

changed places two or three times, and no demonstration of a challenge was made until the first quarter of the third mile, when a simultaneous rush took place and the field closed. Portsmouth was the first to get clear of the *melée*, while Vashti soon after was taken in hand to let Steel fight it out by himself. The last two miles of the heat were run in 5:48, Steel and Vashti pulling up inside of the distance stand. After the heat it was discovered that Portsmouth was complaining in his left fore leg, yet he looked so much like a winner that 5 to 1 was offered on him.

"In the second heat Vashti got the start, and went off at about half speed, well in hand, Portsmouth being second. At the third turn, the two colts got up closer, and the pace improved; in going round the second semi-circle of the second mile, Portsmouth made a dash and lapped the filly, and thus they came up to the quarter stretch, the filly drawing out in front as they passed the stand; Portsmouth kept up his rate and again collared the filly on entering the back stretch, where Steel was half out of his distance, and they ran locked for the next mile at a killing pace; it was "go along" all the way, and a beautiful sight. Archer, on the filly, playing the same game at the turns that Willis did on Bascombe, in his match with Post Boy. The brush continued for over a mile, but at length, at the end of three miles and a quarter, *the Ram* declined; the instant he faltered, Steel caught up the running and made up an immense gap; but he could only reach the filly—he could not live with her—and she strided home a gallant winner by several lengths, in 7:46, having run the last three miles of the heat in 5:43!

"After this heat Portsmouth's fore legs looked so suspicious that he was very properly withdrawn. Steel cooled off well, but he was evidently weak and stale from the start, as was remarked to us in the morning by a gentleman more intimately acquainted with him than any other on the ground: most of his friends, however, thought differently at the time, and he certainly *looked* well—something as Langford does, even when off his feed.

"Vashti now had the call at considerable odds, and well she might have had, for she led hard in hand from end to end, winning without a struggle by half a dozen lengths."

With this race closed the racing career of Portsmouth—an unhappy though yet an honourable close! Like Picton, also got by Imp. Luzborough, his powers were overtasked before they had attained their full maturity. Luzborough himself is now dead, but he has left these, his two most distinguished sons—and surely they were the most promising colts of their day, and would have commanded the highest prices—he has left them to perpetuate his fame in the stud.

Portsmouth will this year make his first season under the care of Mr. John White, at Jackson, North Carolina, at \$25 the season.

A DEER HUNT IN NORTH CAROLINA.

THE RENDEZVOUS.

*"Dissolve frigus, ligna super foco
 Largè reponens : atque benignius
 Deprøme quadrimum Sabrinà,
 Merum diotà.*

TOWARDS the close of November in a year not long added to the past, five individuals in the garb of hunters were taking their evening meal in a solitary log cabin, to whose rough but hospitable roof they looked for shelter at night, while their hunt continued.

A well filled board and a blazing fire lent an air of cheerfulness and comfort to the interior of the cabin, but the scene that presented itself beyond its walls was peculiarly drear and desolate. Situate in the skirt of a vast pine forest, wastes of arid sand, rising occasionally into eminences, but preserving for the most part an unbroken level and wide extended tracts of dark and sombre pines, wearying the eye with their monotony, and chilling the heart with their gloom, intermixed at intervals with thickets of stunted oaks, formed the main features of the view. The other elements lent their aid at this time to heighten the aspect of desolation which the earth always here presents. The keen air of an evening late in autumn was sighing through the trees, while the sand and barren hills around were sinking each instant into deeper gloom as the moon became more and more obscured by the scud that was driving in from the ocean; the sound of whose surf, as it broke upon the beach in the distance, came up through the woods with a faint and sullen roar, and prolonging itself from thicket to thicket, expired in the deepest solitudes of the forest.

The gloom without served by the contrast to heighten the comfort and hilarity that reigned within the cabin. Then the blaze sent forth by the pine knots and logs, illuminating as with the light of day, the apartment in which the hunters were assembled, brought to view a long board table occupying one entire side of the room, whose broad surface displayed several "long, low, foreign-looking" baskets, flanked on each side by a large demijohn, the one redolent of Cognac, the other of "old Orchard." In one corner five heavy double guns, in their leather cases, rested most lovingly together; while in irregular groups an equal number of powerful and active deer hounds

*"Lay stretched upon the rushy floor,
 And urged in dreams the forest race."*

A second table similar to the one described, but scrubbed until it rivalled ivory in whiteness, was placed before the fire. At this table the hunters were seated.

The evening meal was nearly over, and the dilapidated condition of the round of beef, ham, and other viands, evinced that a ride of forty miles to their hunting ground, through the bracing air of the pines, and a fast unbroken for twelve hours, save by a light luncheon

at noon, had enabled the party to do ample justice to the fare that had been set before them.

Their leader, a venerable looking man, whose hair was partly silvered by age, but upon whose heart and strength, to judge from his pleasant smile and upright bearing, old Time had been unable to make any impression, sat at the head of the table.

The last mouthful had disappeared from his plate, his knife and fork were resigned, and he turned towards his companions. As his glance fell upon the familiar faces about him, his eye kindled, and he exclaimed—

“Well, boys, here we are once more together, and it seems as if the weight of twenty years had already fallen from my limbs. There is the ‘*Landlord*’ as hale and hearty as ever—‘*The Judge*’ bears himself bravely—‘*The Squire*’ looks as if the cares of his profession had never weighed upon his spirit, nor its guile upon his conscience. Would I could say the same of ‘*The Doctor*.’ I fear that the ghost of some defunct patient, sent out of the world before his time, must be troubling him; his appetite, which never failed before, seems to have deserted him prematurely.”

“Why,” replied the last one addressed, “Providence, in mercy to the animal and vegetable kingdom, has set limits to the edacious powers of man, and I am at present a victim of the dispensation. The spirit, Major, is willing, but the flesh is weak.”

“At all events, Doctor, I should judge from past experience that it has set no limits to your capacity for imbibing, so fill up your glass from the bottle of champagne beside you, and then pass it on.”

“I will *pass it on* with pleasure, but as to drinking it you really must excuse me. The crop of turnips last year was too abundant, and the price of sugar of lead too low, for me to taste the compound you dignify with the name of champagne.”

“Doctor, you are an infidel!—that wine”——

“Let the Doctor alone, Major,” interrupted the Squire, “he only wants an excuse to confine himself to the brandy”—and a loud gurgling sound from a bottle of dark-colored liquid, coming from the Doctor’s neighborhood, confirmed the idea.

“You had better keep quiet, Squire,” said the Doctor, “or I’ll give an account of your famous hunt at Tallipahantrin.”

“I am not much afraid of it, for you know I am acquainted with your precious blunder last year near the birches.”

“Oh! let us hear the story by all means, Doctor,” exclaimed the rest, who were never better pleased than when they could get the two at loggerheads.

The Doctor, thus encouraged—not, however, without some apparent misgivings—began—

“That young gentleman there,” pointing to the Squire, “having heard some old hunters say that a raw hand never fired at the first deer he saw, commenced boasting of his presence of mind, and went so far as to bet that the circumstance would not happen to him. The next day they placed him at the best stand, but took care to have an experienced hand to leeward, who could see all his proceed-

ings. At first our friend there was watchful enough. After a while, however, his back sought a tree, his head sank to his breast, the butt of his gun to the ground, and he appeared to be thinking of pretty much every thing, except only the one that brought him there. All at once the dogs screamed out close by him, a crash in the bush followed, and the next thing seen of the Squire he was standing up in great excitement, his gun clubbed, and most valorously crying out, 'Get off, you d——d brute, or I'll knock you over!' The next instant a large buck jumped past, nearly carrying him to the ground in his course. The Squire was too much astonished to shoot, and if it had not been for his friend to leeward, the deer would have got off without a shot."

"Come, come, Doctor," said his hearers, "that will not do—the incident you have brought up has been told in every sporting Joe Miller for the last century—you would not have us believe that it has actually occurred lately."

"Ask the Squire"—indignantly exclaimed the Doctor, nettled that his veracity should be doubted.

The former thus appealed to, replied—

"To give the devil his due, the Doctor has told the truth for once in his life. Many a time have I laughed at the tale, and little did I think it would ever be de me narrata—I must confess he has brought a true bill against me—but listen to a circumstance that occurred to him no longer ago than last year, and recollecting that he has just described my first hunt, while, as you all know he is as old in the business as he is in iniquity—judge between us. Last Fall a party came down to drive the birches—he was one of them. All who observe his size about the girth must see he was not made for running. It was useless to expect him to head the deer, and he was left at the wagon to keep company with the prog and with old Joe, who had charge of the horses. The Doctor seated himself in the sun on a fallen tree, with his gun across his knees, and old Joe beside him. They had not been there long before a doe came sneaking out of the drive, and stopped broadside to, within forty yards of them. The Doctor levels his gun, and just as Joe is expecting the report, an immense buck comes up within the line of aim, and stops so as completely to hide her. The Doctor took down his gun, and turning to his companion, exclaimed in tones of great indignation, and sufficiently loud to frighten away both deer—'D——n that infernal buck! I had the doe covered, and was just going to shoot her down, when up he stepped, and hid her from me entirely.' 'Why, cuss you,' said Joe, losing his respect in his excitement, 'why didn't you shoot the buck, then?' 'God bless my soul!' faltered the crest-fallen disciple of Galen, 'I never thought of that!'"

"Ha, ha, ha!" all chimed in—and the mirth and revelry thus commenced, became for a time fast and furious. At length the Major motioned for silence and said—

"Fill up, gentlemen, another round, and then to business. I hear the tramp of horses, and it must be old Joe returning with the hunter we sent for."

A few moments only intervened when the door opened, and Mike Hazleton, the hunter above-mentioned, stood within the cabin. His appearance and dress indicated his calling. He was slender in figure, but, from continued exertion, sinewy and powerful, with dark restless eyes, high cheek bones, and complexion bronzed by constant exposure to the wind and sun, and long straight black hair, falling behind to his shoulders, and in front growing almost to his eyebrows. He was dressed in a blanket coat, fitting tight to his person, with leggings of dressed deer skin reaching almost to his knee. His temper and disposition were naturally good. On some points, however, his notions of right and wrong were not altogether orthodox, but they had been engendered by the customs of the section of country in which he lived, and the occasional infractions of the law to which they led, were somewhat atoned for by the entire fidelity with which he discharged every trust confided to him.

Surveying for an instant the group before him, he advanced towards them with an air of such unusual gravity and importance, that all felt that he considered himself the bearer of tidings of more than ordinary interest.

"Well, Mike," said the Major, after the former had spoken to the party, "take a drink, and then tell us what the chance is."

"Not that flashy stuff," said he, as he motioned away with sovereign contempt a tumbler of champagne offered to him—"It's too much like a ram's leap—pop, fizz, and all done—give me the brandy."

The party waited with some impatience until that long, long drink was over, and then the Major said—

"What have become of all those does and fawns you sent us word about?"

"I have seen that to-day," said Mike, relapsing into all his gravity, "that has driven out of my head all thoughts of them."

"Driven out of your head all thoughts of them!" exclaimed the Major—"why, what the devil do you think brought us here then?"

"I don't care a copper for them now," said the hunter—"I've seen that to-day that's enough to make a man forget does and fawns. Major," he suddenly continued, "do you remember old crooked foot?"

"The murder is out now!" broke in the Landlord. "Mike has seen the Devil. We have a Lawyer and a Doctor in the Company, how unfortunate it is we did not bring a Parson along for Mike's benefit."

"Let Mike alone, gentlemen," cried the Major, with a laugh, "he is not alluding to the devil, as you seem to think, but to a deer that formerly roamed through these wilds, without an equal either in size, speed, or courage. What of him, Mike—what of old crooked foot?"

"I've seen his track to-day," replied the hunter.

"Is it possible!" exclaimed the Major with animation. "But no—it cannot be. He has not been heard of these five years."

"I don't know where he has kept himself so long, but this I do know—I saw his track this morning. It's bigger than ever—my

four fingers will scarcely cover the heels, and it sinks into the sand as if the weight that drove it in was over fifty pounds the quarter. He had been feeling the branches with his horns, and I am a'most afeard to say how high he brushed them off."

"Come, boys, we will take a drink on that," cried the Major. "Five times," he continued with enthusiasm, "five times has that gallant deer had the best hounds of the country on his drag, and her best hunters in his path, and yet he lives. Fill up, gentlemen, here is to his sixth race—may it be his last!"

When the sensation produced by this intelligence had somewhat subsided, the party proceeded to consult as to the mode of rendering it available.

"Where are his haunts, and where shall we be likely to rouse him?"—inquired the Judge.

"I think," answered the hunter, "he keeps mostly in the Sand-kill basin, and *trades* between there and the Calder hills."

"Is the course he is likely to take and the ground such as to give us a chance?" again inquired the Judge.

"If the wind comes out of the South—and it is pointing that way now—we can kill him. If we start him"—continued the hunter, warming into his subject, and, from habit, not perceiving the effect of the names he was using—"if we start him, he'll make for *Brimstone Pint*—if he gets off there without a shot, he'll lay his course for *Devil's Branch*, and if he isn't killed there, we shall be sure of him in *Hell Hollow*."

"Heavens and earth, Mike," said the Squire, "what a godless set of reprobates you must be about here. Not satisfied with the entire certainty of meeting hereafter with all the things you have just named, you cannot wait, but must raise up for yourselves a little pandemonium in your own immediate neighborhood, even before you quit the earth."

"Who the h—ll do you call godless reprobates!" Mike indignantly replied. "Why it was no longer ago than last Saturday that all the people here had a meeting, and resolved that whatever they might do *a week days*, they wouldn't put up any more false lights on *Sundays* to wreck vessels on the flats—and that's what I call being not only *moral*, but *religious*. Godless reprobates, indeed!"

"We had better go back to the deer, Mike," said the Major, "for if those are your ideas of morality and religion, we shall be more likely to agree on the former subject."

A few moments more sufficed to settle the arrangements for the morrow; the party then prepared to turn in for the night. The Doctor having in vain sought to prevail upon some of them to sit up and drink with him, soon followed the others, and silence and repose settled over the scene.

TARKILL.

ON BREEDING FOR THE TURF AND FOR THE CHASE.

[Continued from our last Number, page 23.]

TREATMENT OF STALLIONS.

IN all establishments calculated for the purpose of a stud farm, there will of course be a spacious loose box with a yard adjoining for the accommodation of each stallion, so that they may run in and out at their pleasure. If there is also the additional convenience of a paddock of an acre or thereabouts, it will be the more conducive to their health. Few, if any, of our first-rate stallions have sufficient exercise; and as some are so unruly and riotous that it would be incurring a great risk to take them out in public places where they would meet with other horses, their perambulations are confined to the limits of their own apartments. They should invariably be kept cool, and sustained upon the same description of food as the mares: they should frequently have bran mash, and in the winter should be provided with carrots, to be succeeded by lucerne, green clover, vetches, or grass, to be mown and given in the house as early as the season produces it—at all times a moderate, but never an excessive quantity of corn. Hay must of course be given in the winter, and in the summer if a little be mixed with the green food so much the better, but not to be given by itself at one time of the day, and green food by itself at another; it is a dangerous practice, and not unfrequently produces gripes.

It is obvious that the food should be exactly similar to that of the mares, because it is from the nature of the food that the quality of the juices is established, and they ought to assimilate as nearly as possible in both sexes. It is customary with most persons to secure the stallions in their boxes during the night, and during very inclement weather in the day-time, but on other occasions to let them have free egress and ingress; by this means their general health is more perfect, and their condition more assimilated to that of the mare.

They do not require to be dressed, although some persons prefer it to make their appearance more agreeable to the eye. Care should be taken of their feet, and they should be tarred once or twice a week to prevent thrushes, and keep the hoof tough and sound. Stimulating drugs and stimulating food should never be given on any account if the health and constitution of the animal are properly appreciated.

TREATMENT OF MARES.

Those mares which are not in foal may be turned into a pasture by themselves during the day, but it is certainly most advisable to house them at night, or at all events to keep them in a yard well littered with straw and surrounded with sheds, to which they can have free access. The chief reason for advocating this plan is that they may be at all times as regularly and as nearly in the same state as possible; and as it will be always advisable to house the mares

with foal during the night and in bad weather; it is more regular to observe the same custom when not in foal.

On all well-contrived premises there will be some spacious hovels constructed for mares to foal in: they should be from twenty-eight to thirty feet long, and at least twenty feet wide, the bottom of which should never be paved, as such a surface is too hard, although never so well covered with litter: the mares, in struggling, may denude the pavement, and thus injure themselves. Clay and ashes form by far the best surface, or, if that is not easily procurable, the natural soil, which must be carefully preserved from unevenness. In preparing the hovel for the reception of a mare about to foal, it should be covered with short dry litter, but not new straw; it should be laid very even, and not too thick. New straw is objectionable for two reasons: the mares will be very apt to devour it, and thereby to distend themselves to an injurious degree; neither will it form so level and soft a couch as that which has been worn. An apartment should likewise be provided for the man who attends them, and so situated as to command immediate access to each foaling hovel; it should be furnished with a bed, in order that he may be at hand during the night, and such mares as are expected to foal should be visited by him every two or three hours. If there are not any distinct buildings appropriated for the aforesaid purpose, the mare's common hovel must be prepared as here directed.

As the time approaches when they are expected to foal they should be kept quiet; nevertheless, they being induced to walk leisurely about is healthful and advantageous, but they should never be hurried, excited, or alarmed. Much attention should be paid to the quantity of hay and water which is given to them at this important period, and the latter should always be at their command; otherwise, if great thirst be created by abstinence, and increased by the state of the animals, when they are watered they will satiate themselves to a dangerous degree. I once witnessed a very serious case from the absence of this precaution. A mare was kept in a hovel which was not supplied with water, but she was turned out to drink at a pond once a day: on the morning previous to her foaling she drank to excess: the efforts of parturition, with the intestines so distended, caused her to rupture one of them, and she died in less than half an hour after foaling. Bran mashes and carrots, or Swede turnips, should be given in moderate quantities, with a portion of corn dependent upon the condition of the animal.

It sometimes happens, in spite of the most vigilant attention, that the mare will be lost, and it then becomes necessary to rear the colt upon cow's milk; and even should the mare survive she may not have any milk, or at all events not a sufficient quantity: in these cases, the sooner the foal is taught to drink the better; this may readily be done by inserting the finger into its mouth, which it will instinctively suck, when a bowl of milk should be presented, and the finger gradually brought to it, so that while the little animal is sucking it will drink the milk. The milk of mares has considerably more saccharine matter than that of cows; there-

fore, for the purpose of rendering it more like the natural aliment of the foal, it must be sweetened with brown sugar or treacle. When it is found necessary thus to rear foals by hand, they cannot be taught too soon to eat corn, which should by all means be bruised. Linseed gruel may at any time be given, as it will not disagree with the mare's milk, which cow's milk sometimes does; and as the foal advances in strength, it may be substituted for either.

The temperature of the weather must determine how soon the mare and foal are to be allowed their liberty in the paddock. If they are well, and the atmosphere mild and dry, an hour or two on the day after foaling will be bracing and serviceable to both, but if stormy and cold they must be kept in the hovel till a suitable opportunity: nothing can be worse for both than exposure to inclement blasts. The time of year when the foal is dropped, and the forwardness of the season, will in some degree determine what food the mare is principally to be fed upon. It is an object to have racing stock foaled early, therefore artificial means must be resorted to to nourish the dam. Hay and corn will of course be requisite, with a liberal allowance of bran mashes and linseed—the mucilage to be diluted with water and given as gruel, and the seeds or residue to be mixed with the mashes. Carrots or Swedish turnips are also very requisite till there is a sufficient quantity of grass, when little else is necessary for mares.

Aged mares that have lost their teeth will require to be constantly supplied with carrots, bran mashes, linseed, and such like soft food in great abundance; for, until a flush of grass arrives, the hay which they can masticate will be very insufficient; their corn also should be bruised. I must say I am an advocate for that system with all horses except those in training, and even with them I am not prepared to object to it. Some persons disapprove of bruised corn for foals, because they think the hardness of the unbroken oat is grateful to the creature's gums when the teeth are coming through them. There may be something in this; but I am quite certain that horses will do as well with three bushels of oats bruised, as they will with four which are not. I do not advocate their being ground to flour; but no one can witness the quantity of oats which horses void in their dung because they do not masticate them, without acknowledging that those oats are thrown away.

For such mares as I have just alluded to, namely, those whose teeth are defective, bruised oats are certainly very essential. Some others, that are low in flesh and out of condition, may require corn throughout the summer; but the generality will not if they have a plentiful pasture, or, what is vastly superior, a regular supply of lucerne, which is by far the best food for them—it creates more milk, and the foals certainly thrive better when the mares are kept upon it than anything else. It will not grow on all soils, and if it is not to be procured, clover must be provided in its stead, and mown and given in proper quantities. Vetches may be substituted, but they are inferior to either of the former. Whenever the foals are fed with corn they should be fondled with, stroked, and patted, till

by degrees they become familiar ; they should then have their legs quietly handled, in order that at a future time they may allow their feet to be taken up, and any ragged and broken parts of the hoof pared away with a sharp drawing-knife. Even the straightness of the legs may in a great degree be secured if attended to at this early period, and a vast deal done to perfect the most desirable formation of the foot. The treatment most likely to set the legs straight will be seen at greater length in a subsequent Chapter.

By placing a rail across the door-way of the hovel at such a height that the foal can run under without the mare following, the former will be enabled to take its corn unmolested ; and it is, perhaps, the best method, as the mare will eat the greater portion if they are allowed to feed together ; but till the foals have learnt to eat corn, they must be permitted to run with their dams.

The state of every foal's bowels must be carefully attended to ; it very frequently happens when they are first born that they are completely wedged up, in which case the obstruction must be removed by the hand, and a laxative of an ounce or an ounce and a half of Epsom salts, dissolved in gruel, must be given : clysters are likewise safe and efficacious. Indeed the same attention should be paid to the mares, for although constipation with them will originate in a different cause, it is not less necessary to be made a subject of observation. Similar remedies may be resorted to ; but, as a matter of course, the quantity of Epsom salts which she will require must be considerably greater, and it must also be borne in mind that the foal will be similarly affected by the remedies which are presented to the mother.

When the mare has been stinted, and also when the young grass springs, the bowels are much more likely to become relaxed ; in which case, a few split-beans, or a little bruised barley, will generally put both her and her produce to rights ; if not, the foal may be drenched with half a pint of gruel, made by boiling the finest wheat-flour with water, and adding half a drachm to a drachm of prepared chalk, half a drachm of ginger, and ten or fifteen grains of opium ; but I am averse to medicines of these kinds being given to foals if it is possible to avoid it, especially as it must be remembered that the foal will still imbibe from its dam her habit of body ; consequently any irregularities which she may be laboring under will prevail over the medicine, which only attacks the effects of a complaint, the source of which is poured into the system every hour of the day. With the exception of accidents, most of the disorders which foals are subject to whilst sucking are derived from the mother : if she have a cold, the foal will be similarly afflicted ; if she have a fever, so will the foal ; if she have scouring, so will the foal ; consequently, if the dam be cured, we may anticipate the same results in her offspring from the remedies which have been adopted to relieve the parent. Worms, however, must be excepted ; and as I have had several instances, and have seen many more in which these intruders have created much mischief, it is very necessary to watch their progress. It is asserted that no horses are totally free from them, and that a moderate number is not injurious ;

but I am quite certain that their ravages are a very great drain upon the constitution. Their presence may be determined—that is, when they exist to a great and mischievous extent—by the appearance of a white powder in the fundament, and they will likewise be voided in the dung: also the animal's appearance may be taken as a pretty general criterion; if it looks thin, dull about the eyes, with a distended belly, and a hollow coat, worms may be suspected. As early as two months old these symptoms may appear, when one scruple of calomel should be given for two or three consecutive days, to be worked off after the last dose with aloes, from half a drachm to a drachm, made into a ball with ginger and Castile soap. In order to administer the ball it will be requisite to put a head-collar on the foal, and the ball must be given on the point of a stick. I know many persons prefer liquid drenches as being more readily given, but I do not find that to be the case if the foal be quietly and patiently managed; it is rough treatment and inconsiderate usage which make all horses rebellious; and I never found the least difficulty in giving balls to any horse that I have had after they have become accustomed to me. A drench causes so much nausea, is frequently half wasted, and flowing into the stomach and bowels all at once, has not the same effect as a ball, which, gradually dissolving, commingles with the substances which it comes in contact with. Whilst the foal is undergoing this course, I should recommend that it be kept in the house till the day after the aloes are given, when the mare, being led out, the foal will follow her, and should be kept moving until the physic operates. The principal object of this suggestion is, that if there are any worms, their presence will be at once detected.

WEANING.

The great change that takes place at this period requires that it should have been previously prepared for, so that mare and foal may feel as little as possible the alteration which their systems must undergo. Thus, the pasture should be selected as free as possible from luxuriant grasses for the space of a fortnight or three weeks prior to the time when it is determined that the separation shall take place, by which treatment the mare's milk will gradually decrease. It may not be amiss to turn sheep into the paddock in order to diminish the quantity of herbage if it be too plenteous, or the mare and her foal may be confined in the hovel during a greater portion of the day. A greater allowance of corn may be distributed to the foal, and as it will by this time have learned to drink, linseed gruel should be offered; the object being to accustom the young animal to the change of nutriment by the most imperceptible degrees, at the same time to keep up its condition—an object the reverse in the mare, as it is obviously essential to resort to such measures as will reduce the quantity of her milk, so that when her offspring is taken from her she may not be injured by its excess. It does not often happen that thorough-bred mares have a very abundant supply; but it is well to guard against any mischief which might ensue; and, as the foal is constantly sucking so long as it accompanies

ies dam, a greater flow from the lacteal vessels frequently exists than the appearance of the udder would lead unpracticed persons to anticipate.

Towards the middle or latter end of September, every necessary preparation having been attended to, the separation should take place. No benefit arises to the foals by keeping them with the mares longer than that time; and the latter, if in foal, will be greatly injured by the two-fold drain upon their constitution, and the future offspring will suffer from it.

When the foals are taken away from the mares, each should be kept for a few days in separate hovels, and at such a distance that they cannot hear the neighings of each other; by this arrangement the mare will be enabled to be kept entirely upon dry food until the necessary absorption of milk has taken place, to promote which it should be drawn off by the hand in small quantities, at first night and morning, and subsequently only once a day, till there is little or none produced. It is necessary to premise that the mare should never be milked dry, but only such a quantity taken away as to render the udder moderately soft, to facilitate which a mixture of goose-oil and brandy, in the proportion of two parts of the former and one of the latter, may be used with advantage. With some mares, however, in spite of all the precautions which can be resorted to, the milk will be generated to an inconvenient degree, and it will remain in the vessels communicating with the udder for a considerable time, producing the appearance of cords or distended veins all along the posterior part of the belly: these should be very gently and patiently rubbed with goose-oil and brandy, great care being taken not to injure them by rubbing them too hard, or in any way bruising them. It will also be advisable to take a little blood from the neck, and to repeat that operation if the first does not produce the desired effect. It is much better to reduce the system gradually by two or even three bleedings at intervals of a day or two than to take a large quantity at once; from two to three quarts at a time will be as much as is requisite.

The management of the foals during the ensuing winter and summer will occupy a distinct Chapter, which must be deferred to introduce one on the subject of the

TREATMENT OF MARES AFTER WEANING AND DURING THE SUCCEEDING WINTER.

At this season of the year there is less risk in keeping several mares together than at any other period, and unless very ample convenience be provided, it may be an arrangement which cannot be avoided: generally speaking, however, I am opposed to the plan of turning many into the same pastures or yards, because very vicious or restless animals will greatly disturb the peace of the community, independently of the injuries which they may inflict by kicking or biting. Such ill-conditioned animals should at all events be kept separate, as also any which from blindness or similar infirmities cannot be supposed to take care of themselves.

During the winter some will require a daily supply of corn,

others will be better without it. A moderate state of condition is much more desirable than that they should be over fat or very thin: the former will incur great risk in foaling, and the latter will produce puny weak stock. As the season advances, a daily supply of carrots or Swede turnips should be provided, and given both night and morning, with a moderate portion of hay. It will not be found necessary to supply all mares with corn; this must be regulated by their condition; they should at all times be kept in a healthy thriving state, without being made too fat.

Many persons are very peculiar in having the carrots or turnips cut into very small pieces, a plan I think rather objectionable than otherwise; by so doing the mares may bolt the pieces, and thereby choke themselves, which they are not so likely to do if only reduced to such a size that they are compelled to masticate them. They should be washed extremely clean, and allowed to get rather dry before they are given; indeed, if the operation of washing and cutting be performed the day before they are given, they are all the better for it.

If there is a stallion kept at the establishment, as a matter of course the various times when mares are put to the horse will be noted down in order to know when they may be expected to foal; if not, the different periods should be ascertained from the stud-groom of the stallion to which the mares are sent. It is often customary, when mares are sent to a distance to foal and to be covered, that a confidential servant is sent with them, there to remain till they are stinted: as a matter of course such a person will be attentive in making the requisite memoranda. Eleven months is the usual period of gestation, although many mares will exceed and others come before their time.

[London (Old) Sporting Magazine for Dec., 1840.]

Precepts and Practice; OR CURSORY CONVERSATIONS ON SPORTING MATTERS IN AMERICA.—No. IV.

Written for the American Turf Register and Sporting Magazine.

BY FRANK FORESTER.

BLYTHE, loud, and hearty, was the welcome of Fat Tom, when by the clear view halloa with which Harry drove up to the door at a spanking trot, the horses stopping of themselves at the high well-known stoop, he learned who were these his nocturnal visitors. There was a slight tinge of frostiness in the evening air, and a bright blazing fire filled the whole bar-room with a cheerful merry light, and cast a long stream of red lustre from the tall windows.

and half-open doorway—but, in an instant, all that escaped from the last-mentioned aperture was totally obstructed, as if the door had been pushed to, by the huge body of mine host. “Why, d—n it”—he exclaimed—“if that beant Archer!—and a hull grist of boys he’s brought along with him, too, any how. How are you, Harry, who’ve you got along?—It’s so eternal thunderin’ dark as I carnt see ’em no how!”

“Frank, and the Commodore, that’s all”—Archer replied—“and how are you, old Corporation?”

“Oh! oh! I’m most d—d glad as you’ve brought A——; you might have left that other critter to home, though, jest as well—we doosn’t want him blowin’ out his little hide here; lazin’ about, and doin’ nothin’ day nor night but eat, and grumble; and drink, and drink, as if he’d got a meal-sack in his little guts. Why, Timothy, how be you?”—he concluded, smiting him on the back a downright blow, that would have almost felled an ox, as he was getting out the baggage.

“Doant thee noo, Measter Draa”—expostulated Tim—“behaave thyself, man; or Ay’se give thee soomat thou woant loike, I’m thinking. Noo! send oot yan o’ t’ nagers, joost to stand tull t’ nags till Ay lift ’oot t’ boxes!”

“A nigger is it?—d—n their black skins! there was a dozen here jest now, a blockin’ up the fire-side, and stinkin’ so no white man could come nearst it; till I got an ax-handle half an hour or so since, and cleared out the heap of them!—Niggers! they’ll be here all of them torights, I warrant; where you sees Archer, there’s never no scarceness of dogs and niggers. But come, walk in boys! walk in, anyhow—Jem’ll be here torights, and he’s worth two d—d niggers any day, though he’s black fleshed, I guess, if one was just to skin the eternal creatur.”

Very few minutes passed before they were all drawn up round the fire, Captain Reade, and two or three more, making room for them, as they pulled up their chairs about the glowing hearth, having hung up their coats and capes against the wall.

“You’ll be here best, boys”—said Tom—“for a piece—the parlor fire’s not been lit yet this Fall, and it is quite cold nights now—but Brower’ll kindle it up, agin supper; for you’ll be wantin’ to eat, all of you, I reckon—you’re sich d——d everlastin’ gorman-dizers.”

“That most undoubtedly we shall”—said Frank—“for it’s past eight now, and the deuce a mouthful have we put into our heads since twelve.”

“Barrin’ the liquor, Frank! Barrin’ the liquor—now don’t lie! don’t lie, boy, so ridic’lous—as if I’d known you these six years, and then was goin’ to believe as you’d not dranked since noon!”

“Why, you old hogshead you!—who wants you to believe anything of the kind—we had one drink at Tom’s—your cousin’s—when we started, but deuce the drop since.”

“That’s just the reason why you’re so snarlish then, I reckon!—Your copper’s is got bilin, leastwise if they beant all biled out—you’d best drink stret away, I guess, afore the bottom of the biler

gets left bare—for if it doos, and it's red hot now, boy—you'll be a blowin' up, like an old steamboat, when you pumps in fresh water."

"Well Tom," said Archer, "I do not think it would be a bad move to take a drop of something, and a cracker; for I suppose we shall not get supper much short of two hours, and I'm so deuced hungry, that if I don't get something just to take off the edge, I shall not be able to eat when it does come!"

"I'll make a pitcher of egg nog—A—— drinks egg nog, I guess—though he's the poorest drinkin' man I ever did see. Now, Brower, look alive—the fire's lit, is 't?—well, then, jump now and feed them two poor starvin' bags-a-bones as Archer calls *dogs*—and tell your mother to git supper. Have you brought anything along to eat or drink, boys—I guess we haven't nothin' in the house!"

"Oh! you be hanged"—said Harry—"I've brought a round of cold spiced beef, but I'm not going to cut that up for supper; we shall want it to take along for luncheon—you must *get* something!—Oh, by the way, you may let the girls pick half a dozen quail and broil them, if you choose!"

"Quail! do you say? and where'll I git quail, I'd be pleased to know?"

"Out of that gamebag"—answered Harry, deliberately, pointing to the well-filled plump net which Timothy had just brought in and hung up on the pegs beside the box-coats. Without a word or syllable, the old chap rushed to the wall, seized it, and scarcely pausing to sweep out of the way a large file of "the Spirit," and several numbers of "the Register," emptied it on the table.

"Where the h—l, Archer! did you kill them?"—he asked—"you didn't kill all them to-day, I guess!—One, two, three—why, there's twenty-seven cock, and forty-nine quail,—by J—s here's another!—just fifty quail, four partridge, and three rabbits—well, that's a most all-fired nice mess, I swon; if you killed them to-day you done right well, I tell you—you wont git no such mess of birds here now—but you was two days killin' these, I guess!"

"Not we, Tom!—Frank and I drove up from York last night, and slept at young Tom's—down the valley—we were out just as soon as it was light, and got the quail, all except twelve or thirteen, the ruffed grouse, and one rabbit, before twelve o'clock. At twelve, the Commodore came up from Nyack, where he left his yacht, and joined us—we got some luncheon, went out again at one, and between that and five bagged all the cock, the balance, as you would call it, of the quail and the other two bunnies."

"Well! then you made good work of it, I tell you—and you won't do nothin' like that agin this winter—not in Warwick—but I wont touch them quail—it's a sin to break that bunch—but you don't never care to take the rabbits home, and the old woman's got some beautiful fresh onions, she'll make a stew of them, a smother, as you call it, in a little less than no time, Archer—and I've got half a dozen of them big grey snipe—English snipe—that I killed down by my little run'-side—you'll have them roasted with the guts in, I guess!—and then there's a pork steak and sassagers—and if you

don't like that you can jist go without. Here, Brower, take these to your mother, and tell her to git supper right stret off—and you tell Emma Jane to make some buckwheat cakes for A——! he can't sup no how without buckwheat cakes—and I sets a great store by A——! I doos, by G——! and you needn't laugh, boys—for I doos—a darned sight more than what I does by you."

"That's civil at all events, and candid"—replied Frank—"and it's consolatory too, for I can fancy no greater reproach to a man, than to be set store on by you. I do not comprehend at all, how A—— bears up under it. But come, do make that egg nog that you're chattering about."

"How will I make it, Harry—with beer, or milk, or cider?"

"All three!—now be off, and don't jaw any more!" answered Archer—"asking such silly questions as if you did not know better than any of us."

In a few minutes the delicious compound was prepared, and, with a plate of toasted crackers and some right good Orange-county butter, was set on a small round stand before the fire; while from the neighboring kitchen rich fumes began to load the air, indicative of the approaching supper. In the mean time, the wagon was unloaded; Timothy bustled to and fro; the parlor was arranged; the bed-rooms were selected, by that worthy; and every thing set out in its own place, so that they could not possibly have been more comfortable in their own houses. The horses had been duly cleaned, and clothed, and fed; the dogs provided with abundance of clean straw, and a hot mess of milk and meal; and now, in the far corner of the bar-room, the indefatigable varlet was cleaning the three double guns, as scientifically as though he had served his apprenticeship to a gunsmith.

Just at this moment a heavy foot was heard upon the stoop, succeeded by a whining and a great scratching at the door—"Here comes that Injun, Jem"—cried Tom, and as he spoke the door flew open, and in rushed old Whino, the tall black and tan foxhound, and Bonnybelle, and Blossom, and another large blue mottled bitch, of the Southern breed. It was a curious sight to observe by how sudden and intuitive an instinct the hounds rushed up to Archer, and fawned upon him, jumping up with their fore-paws upon his knees, and thrusting their bland smiling faces almost into his face; as he, nothing loath nor repelling their caresses, discoursed most eloquent dog language to them, until, excited beyond all measure, old Whino seated himself deliberately on the floor, raised his nose toward the ceiling, and set up a long, protracted, and most melancholy howl, which, before it had attained, however, to its grand climax, was brought to a conclusion by being converted into a sharp and treble yell! a consummation brought about by a smart application of Harry's double-thonged four-horse whip, wielded with all the powers of Tom's right arm, and accompanied by a "Git out now, d—d you—the whole grist! Kennel!—now, kennel!—out with them, Jem, consarn you; out with them, and yourself, too!—out of this, or I'll put the gad about you, you white Deckerin nigger you!"

"Come back, when you have put them up, Jem; and mind you don't let them be where they can get at the setters, or they'll be fighting like the devil"—interposed Archer—"I want to have a chat with you. By-the-bye, Tom, where's Dash—you'd better look out, or the Commodore's dog, Grouse, will eat him before morning—mine will not quarrel with him, but Grouse will to a certainty."

"Then for a sartainty I'll shoot Grouse, and wallop Grouse's master—and that'll be two d—d right things done one mornin'—the first would be a most d—d right one, any how, and kind too!—for then A—— would be forced to git himself a good nice setter dog—and not go shootin' over a great old fat bustin' pinter, as isn't worth so much as I be to hunt birds!"

"Ha! ha! ha!"—shouted the Commodore, whom nothing can by any earthly means put out of temper—"ha! ha! ha!—I should like to see you shoot Grouse, Tom—For all the store you set by me, you'd get the worst of that game. You had better take Archer's advice, I can tell you."

"Archer's advice, indeed! it's likely now that I'd have left my nice little dog to be spiled by your big brutes, now aint it—Come, come! here's supper."

"Get something to drink, Jem, along with Timothy—and come in when we've got through supper."

"Yes, Sir"—replied the knight of the cut-throat—"I've got some news to tell you too, Tom, if you'll wait a bit!"

"D—n you and your news too"—responded Tom—"you're sich a thunderin' liar, there's no knowin' when you do speak truth. We'll not be losin' our supper for no lies, I guess! Leastways I wont!—Come, Archer."

And with a right good appetite they walked into the parlor—every thing was in order—every article placed just as it had been when Frank went up to spend his first week in the Woodlands—the gun-case stood on the same chairs below the window—the table by the door was laid out with the same display of powder-flasks, shot pouches, and accoutrements of all sizes. The liquor stand was placed by Harry's chair, open, containing the case-bottles, the rummers being duly ranged upon the board, which was well lighted by four tall wax-candles, and being laid with Harry's silver, made quite a smart display. The rabbits smoked at the head, smothered in a rich sauce of cream, and nicely shredded onions—the pork chops, thin and crisply broiled, exhaled rich odors at the bottom—the English snipe roasted to half a turn, and reposing on their neat squares of toast, were balanced by a dish of well-fried sausages, reclining on a bed of mashed potatoes—champagne was on the table, unresined and unwired—awaiting only one touch of the knife to release the struggling spirit from its transparent prison. Few words were spoken for some time, unless it were a challenge to champagne, the corks of which popped frequently and furious; or a request for another snipe, or another spoonful of the sauce—while all devoted themselves to the work in hand with a sincere and business-like earnestness of demeanor, that proved either the excellence of Tom Draw's cookery, or the efficacy of the Spartan

sauce which the sportsmen had brought to assist them at their meal. The last rich drops of the fourth flask were trickling into Tom's wide lipped rummer, when Harry said—"Come, we have done, I think, for one night—let's have the eatables removed, and we will have a pipe, and hear what Jem has got to say; and you have told us nothing about birds either, you old elephant; what do you mean by it?—That's right, Tim, now bring in my cigars, and Mr. Forester's cheroots, and cold iced water, and boiling hot water, and sugar—out of my box—and lemons. The shrub is here, and the Scotch whiskey—will you have another bottle of champagne, Tom—No?—Well, then, look sharp, Timothy, and send Jem in"—and thereupon Jem entered, thumbing his hat assiduously, and sat down in the corner by the window, where he was speedily accommodated with a supply of liquor, enough to temper any quantity of clay.

"Well, Jem"—said Archer—"unbutton your bag, now—what's the news?"

"Well, Mr. Aircher, it ben't no use to tell you on't, with Tom, there, puttin' a body out, and swearin' it's a lie, and dammin' a chap up and down. It ben't no use to tell you—and yet I'd kind o' like to—but then you won't believe a fellow, not one on you!"

"In course not"—answered Forester—and at the same instant Tom struck in likewise—

"It's a lie—afore you tell it—it's a lie, d—n you, and you knows it. I'd sooner take a nigger's word than yours, Jem, any how—for the d—d niggers will tell truth when they can't git no good by lyin'—but you, you *will* lie—all times! When the truth would do the best, and you would tell it if you could, you can't help lying!"

"Shut up, you old thief; shut up instantly, and let the man speak, will you—I can see by his face that he has got something to tell—and as for lying, you beat him at it any day."

Tom was about to answer, when Harry, who had been eagerly engaged in mixing a huge tumbler full of strong cold shrub punch, thrust it under his nose, and he, unable to resist the soft seductive odor, seized it incontinently, and neither spoke, nor breathed, again until the bottom of the rummer was brought parallel to the ceiling; then with a deep heart-felt sigh he set it down, uttered a most appalling eructation, and then with a calm placid smile, exclaimed—"Tell on, Jem." Whereupon that worthy launched into his full tide of narrative as follows:—

"Well! you sees, Mr. Aircher, I took up this mornin' clean up the old crick side, clear to Vernon, and then I turned in back of old Squire Vandergriff's, and druv the mountains clear down here till I reached Rocky Hill—I'd pretty good sport too, I tell you—I shot a big gray fox on Round Top, and started a raal rouser of a red one down in the big swamp, in the bottom, and them sluts did keep the darndest ragin' you ever did hear tell on. Well, they tuck him clean out across the open, past Andy Joneses, and they skeart up in his stubbles three beves, I guess, got into one like!—there was a drove of them, I tell you—and then they brought him back to the hills agin, and run him twice clean round the rocky hill, and when they came round the last time, the English sluts warn't half a rod from

his tail no how—and so he tried his last chance, and he holed—but my!—now, Mr. Aircher, by d—n you niver did see nothin' like the partridges—they kept a brushin' up and brushin' up, and treein' every little while—I guess if I seen one I seen a hundred; why, I killed seven on 'em with coarse shot up in the pines, and I daredn't shoot exceptin' at their heads. If you'll go up there now to-morrow, and take the dogs along, I know as you'll git fifty."

"Well! if that's all your news, Jem, I wont give you much for it—and as for going into the mountains to look after partridges, you don't catch me at it—that's all!" said Harry. "Is that all?"

"Not by a great shot!"—answered Jem, grinning—"but the truth is, I know you wont believe me—but I can tell you what—you can kill a big fat buck, if you'll get up a little afore daylight!"

"A buck, Jem!—a buck near here?"—enquired Forester and Archer in a breath.

"I told you, boys, the critter couldn't help it—he's stuck to truth jest so long, and he was forced to lie, or else he would have busted!"

"It's true, by thunder!" answered Jem—"I wish I mayn't eat nor drink nother, if there's one bit of lie in it,—d—d the bit, Tom! I'm in airnest! now right down—and you knows as I wouldn't go to lie about it!"

"Well! well!—where was't—where was't, Jem?"

"Why he lies, I guess, *now*, in that little thickest swamp of all, jist in the eend of the swale atween Round Top and Rocky Hill, right in the pines and laurels—leastways I druv him down there with the dogs, and I swon that he never crossed into the open meadow, and I went round, and made a circle like clean round about him—and d—n the dog trailed on him no how—and bein' as he's hard hot, I guess he'll stay there since he harbored."

"Hard hit, is he?—why! did you get a shot at him?"

"A fair one," Jem replied, "not three rod off from me; he jumped up out of the channel of Stony Brook, where, in a sort o' bend, there was a lot of bushes, sumach, and winter green, and ferns—he skeart me, that's a fact, or I'd a killed him. He warn't ten yards off when he bounced up first—but I pulled without cocking—and when I'd got my gun fixed, he'd got off a little piece, and I'd got nauthen but fox-shot—but I hot him jist in the side of the flank—the blood flew out like winkin'—and the hounds arter him like mad, up and down, and round and back, and he a kind o' weak like—and they'd overhauled him once and again, and tackled him, but there was only four on them, and so he beat them off like every time; and onned agen! They couldn't hold him no how 'till I got up to them, and I couldn't fix it no how, so as I'd git another shot at him—but it was gittin' dark fast, and I flogged off the sluts arter a deal o' work, and viewed him down the old blind runway into the swale eend, where I telled you; and then I laid still quite a piece; and then I circled round, to see if he'd quit it, and not one dog tuk track on him, and so I feels right sertain as he's in that hole now, and will be in the mornin', if so be we goes there in time, afore the sun's up."

"That we can do easily enough," said Archer—"what do you say, Tom. Is it worth while?"

"Why," answered old Draw instantly, "if so be only we could be sartain that the d—d critter warn't a lyin', there couldn't be no doubt about it—for if the buck did lay up there this night, why he'll be there to-morrow—and if so be he's there, why we can get him sure!"

"Well, Jem, what have you got to say now"—said the Commadore—"is it the truth or no?"

"Why, darn it all," retorted Jem, "harn't I just told you it was true—it's most d—d hard a fellow can't be believed now—why Mr. Aircher, did I ever lie to you?"

"Oh! if you ask me that," said Harry, "you know I must say 'Yes!'—for you have fifty times at the least computation. Do you remember the day you towed me up the Decker's run to look for woodcock?"

"And you found nothing"—interrupted Tom—"but wood"—

"Oh shut up, do Tom," broke Forester, "and let us hear about this buck. If we agree to give you a five dollar bill, Jem, in case we do find him where you say, what will you be willing to forfeit if we do not?"

"You may shoot at me, by G—d!" answered Jem—"all on you—ivery one on you—at forty yards, with rifle or buck-shot!"

"It certainly is very likely that we should be willing to get hanged for the sake of shooting such a mangy hound as you, Jem," answered Forester, "when one could shoot a good clean dog—Tom's Dash, for example—for nothing!"

"Could you though?"—Tom replied—"I'd like to ketch you at it, my dear boy—I'd wax the little hide of you. But come, let us be settling. Is it a lie now, Jem; speak out—is it a lie, consarn you? for if it be, you'd best jest say't out now, and save your bones to-morrow. Well, boys, the critter's sulky, so most like it is true—and I guess we'll be arter him. We'll be up bright and airly, and go a horseback, and if he be there we can kill him in no time at all, and be right back to breakfast. I'll start Jem and the Captain here, and Dave Seers, with the dogs, an hour afore us, and let them come right down the swale, and drive him to the open—Harry and Forester, you two can ride your own nags, and I'll take old Roan, and A—— here shall have the colt."

"Very well! Timothy, did they feed well to-night?—if they did, give them their oats very early, and no water. I know it's too bad after their work to-day, but we shall not be out two hours!"

"Weel! it's no matter gin they were oot six"—responded Timothy—"they wadna be a pin the waur o't!"

"Put out my rifle, then—and pick out some buckshot cartridges to fit the bore of all the double guns. Frank's got his rifle—so you can take my heavy single gun—your guage is 17, A——, quite too small for buckshot—mine is 11, and will do its work clean with Ely's cartridge and pretty heavy powder, at eighty-five to ninety yards. Tom's bore is twelve, and I've brought some to fit his old

double, and some, too, for my own gun, though it is almost too small!"

"What gauge is yours, Harry?"

"Fourteen; which I consider the very best bore possible for general shooting. I think the gunsmiths are running headlong now into the opposite of their old error—when they found that fifteens and fourteens outshot vastly the old small calibres—fifty years since no guns were larger than eighteen, and few than twenty—they are now quite out-doing it. I have seen late-imported guns of seven pounds, and not above twenty-six inches long, with eleven and even ten gauge calibres!—you might as well shoot with a blunderbuss at once!"

"They would tell at cock in close summer covert," answered A—.

"For a man who can't cover his bird they might;" replied Harry—"but you may rely on it they lose three times as much in force as they gain in the space they cover—at forty yards you could not kill even a woodcock with them once in fifty times, and a quail, or English snipe, at that distance never!"

"What do you think the right length and weight, then, for an eleven bore?"

"Certainly not less than eight pounds, and thirty inches—but I would prefer nine pounds and thirty-three inches—but except for a fowl-gun to use in boat-shooting, such a piece would be quite too ponderous and clumsy. My single gun is eleven gauge, eight pounds and thirty-three inches—and even with loose shot executes superbly, but with Ely's *green* cartridge I have put forty BB shot into a square of two and a half feet at one hundred and twenty-five yards—sharply enough, too, to imbed the shot so firmly in the fence against which I had fixed my mark that it required a good strong knife to get them out. This I propose that you should bear to-morrow, with a 1½ oz SG cartridge, which contains eighteen buck-shot, and which, if you get a shot anywhere within a hundred yards, will kill him as dead, I warrant it, as an ounce bullet."

"Which you intend to try, I fancy," added Frank.

"Not quite! my rifle carries eighteen only to the pound—and yours, if I forget not, only thirty-two."

"But mine is double."

"Never mind that—thirty-two will not execute with certainty above a hundred and fifty yards!"

"And how far in the Devil's name would you have it execute, as you calls it," asked old Tom.

"Three hundred!" replied Harry, coolly.

"H—ll!"—replied Draw—"don't tell me no sich thunderin' nonsense—I'll stand all day and be shot at, like a Christmas turkey, at sixty rods, for sixpence a shot, any how."

"I'll bet you all the liquor we can drink while we are here, Tom," answered Harry, "that I hit a four foot target at three hundred yards to-morrow!"

"Off hand?" inquired Tom, with an attempt at a sneer.

"Yes, off hand! and no shot to do that either—I know men—

lots of them—who would bet to hit a foot square at that distance!"

"Well! you can't four, *no how!*"

"Will you bet?"

"Sertain!"

"Very well—Done—Twenty dollars I will stake against all the liquor we drink while we're here. Is it a bet?"

"Yes! Done!" cried Tom—"at the first shot, you know; I gives no second chances."

"Very well, as you please!—I'm sure of it, that's all—Lord, Frank, how we will drink and treat—I shall invite all the town up here to-morrow—Come! one more round for luck, and then to bed!"

"Content!"—cried A——; "but I mean Mr. Draw to have an argument to-morrow night about this point of Setter *vs.* Pointer! How do you say, Harry?—which is best?"

"Oh! I'll be Judge and Jury"—answered Archer—"and you shall plead before me; and I'll make up my mind in the meantime!"

"He's for me, any how"—shouted Tom—"Darn it all, Harry, you knows you wouldn't own a pinter—no not if it was gin you!"

"I believe you are about right there, old fellow, as far as this country goes, at least!"—said Archer—"different dogs for different soils and seasons—and, in my judgment, setters are far the best this side the Atlantic—but it is late now, and I can't stand chattering here—good night—you shall have as much dog talk as you like to-morrow."

BELSHAZZAR.

FRIEND PORTER: In the December number of the "Turf Register" D. has done justice to Leviathan and Pacific, as sires. He has stated also that the early settlers of this part of Tennessee brought with them Janus and Mark Anthony mares, which are at the foundation of our racing stock. He might have added other popular strains, such as the Fearnoughts, Medleys, and Sharks. Gamma traces to a very highly finished Chanticleer mare, and he was reputed the best son of Symmes' Wildair. To the Virginian horses enumerated, D. might have added Fitz-Medley, one of the best sons of Medley; and Second-Diomed, a very good son of Diomed. Proserpine traces through Second-Diomed to Sawyer's old Fearnought mare; and Roderick Dhu is of the same family, with a Bagdad and Merlin cross superadded. D. might have noticed some high breds from our "father land." Cœur-de-Lion was crippled in his first public appearance, but he was a good son of the renowned Highflyer, out of Dido; Royalist, who was a fair performer, and Dragon, who was extraordinary; Bryan O'Lynn, and Boaster, good performers, and Eagle, who beat such horses as

Dick Andrews and Sorcerer, and Eleanor, the best mare of her day. All these and more will be noticed in the future history of the Turf, in all probability. Having just glanced at these matters, they are passed, with the expectation that they may claim hereafter the attention of D. Our present object is briefly to notice *Belshazzar*, who is a contemporary, but is expected to follow *Leviathan* and *Pacific*, and to receive a full share of the public favor.

Belshazzar was by that noted stallion *Blacklock*, out of the noted mare *Manuella*, by Dick Andrews. The most scrupulous examiner of the Stud Book will come to the conclusion that the pedigree is pure and fashionable, and free from near breeding. *Belshazzar* has the sign of the *Blacklocks*, and the clean neat head of the Dick Andrews. His color is good chesnut; his proportions are very accurate; his whole form is of racing order and high polish, and his hind quarter is singularly perfect. His performances were very good, and but for the pail of water he carried on the day of the *Doncaster St. Leger*, we have come to the conclusion he would have won that great race. If our memory serve, he stood but one season in England, and could not have had many tried mares, notwithstanding his produce there have performed well, and are commanding high prices; and his young things here are very promising, and their sire is among the very few horses whose exportation from England has been seriously regretted. He will form an excellent cross upon our best mares, and we anticipate with confidence, that when his colts are brought to the post in condition, they will establish here as in England, an enviable reputation.

CROFTS.

SETTLING DAY AT "THE CORNER."

BY TOM HOOD.

"As I was going to (the) Derby.
All on, &c."—OLD SONG.

I wish I'd never bet;
I wish I'd never seen a horse or colt;
I wish I'd never joined that jockeying set;
I wish I'd stopped away
From Epsom on the Derby day,
And all such places!
I wish I'd kept at home,
And never shown my person at a
Hippodrome.
I wish, instead of going like a dolt
To those horse races,
I'd gone to Cowes' Regatta!
We've all our ups and downs, I know,
Both great and small;
But oh!
Those Epsom Downs are worst of all.

What could have made me join those gambling jockeys?
(Out of poor Crockies)—

How could I reckon so without my host?

How could I, cockney born and bred,

So run my head

Against that betting post?

Brought up in staid pursuits

(Not among nasty animals and brutes).

How could I think, to such a blust'ring clan,

My reason and my cash to yield?

I never was a martial man;

How could I "take the field?"

Why did I, stupid dolt,

Back that confounded, desperate, Solace colt,

Or of that mulish Muley make a pet?

No doubt, large sums I thought of soon amassin';

But what a double ass I was to bet

On that Ass-ass-in!

The bounds of prudence how hard to regain!

When once a man o'ersteps 'em!

But I have done; Richard's himself again!

Yes, be assured,

I'm now completely cured;

At least, this *shall* be my last dose of Epsom.

It was an awful moment—that run in—

(Especially for those young minors, short of tin!)

I own I felt my heart sink then,

And all my thoughts seemed driven in a Corner:

And then I thought of North America and Canton,

And then I turned a scorner

Of men,

And thought of Joseph Manton.

And then the race-course whirled before my eyes;

And then I heard a voice in words of thunder,

Say,

"Heyday

Good sir! you seem to have some great surprise"—

"Yes, and it's Little Wonder!"

However, now

That's past,

And I have made a vow

That bet shall be my last.

All wagers now I nauseate and detest

("Odds," and the rest),

All jockeys hate

(Welter and feather weight),

All meetings fly

(October and July);

In short, I think all racing sad,

And all its courses bad.

And as for the stupidity of those who go

The difference, I trow

(If there's a tittle),

'Twixt Donkey-ster and Ass-cot's mighty little.

I've burnt my "books;" no horse again I'll back

(Racer or hack):

No more I'll hedge: and, by the Grecian gods,

I'll not stand on the long odds,

With tens, and fives, and fours, and threes to one

I've done, I've done with saying "Done, done, done!"

My means no more I'll stake upon a Derby Day:

It's my last lay.

THE GET OF MEDOC, ETC.

From this day forth for evermore,
 Though I should live to four—or forty score,
 I'll never lay another shilling—
 If I do I'm a villain—
 (Be this the moral of my tale),
 Though you should make me the most tempting offer—
 Golconda to an empty coffer—
 A thousand sterling to a pint of ale—
 You sha'nt prevail.
 No matter what the sum,
 I wont.
 * * * * * *
 Come,
 I'll bet you half a crown I don't !

THE GET OF MEDOC.

COMPARISONS OF THEIR SPEED AND BOTTOM.

To the Editor of the "American Turf Register and Sporting Magazine"—

DEAR SIR : An ardent lover of the manly sports of the Field, the Chace, and the Turf—those time-honored customs of "our fathers, in 'Merry Old England,'" and, in times of peace, the distinguishing characteristic of the warlike and masculine Anglo-Saxons every where, I cannot refrain from taking deep interest in most of the subjects which fill the pages of the "Turf Register," and the "Spirit of the Times." And although prevented by my condition in life, by my location and pursuits, from enjoying in person all of these pleasures, thanks to the above-named "Register" and "Spirit," to your intelligent and generous correspondents, to the admirably improved press, and to the dispatch and system of Uncle Sam's Postmen, I can smack my lips with delight over the steaming coffee and hot toast of my especial favorite, Harry Archer, thrill with excitement at the description of races pictured to the mind's eye, if not actually seen, and dream of the quiet scenery, intermingled with starts of rapture which your leafy June, and blue mountain-brooks, yield to the disciple and child of "honest old Izaak ;" albeit, I cannot see *Grey Eagle* sweeping along "in his pride of flight" to his goal of glory—nor *Boston*, plying his vast machinery for the independence of his friends, and to the dismay and misery (little and big) of all others concerned ; although I have not watched the cautious trout from his deep bed of clear and cool water, sullenly eye askance the silk winged gossamer, before he leaped and frolicked on the green sod ; and although I can claim neither the wisdom of *precept*, skill of *practice*, nor amiability of feelings, which distinguish the friend of Frank Forester ; yet all these I can admire and enjoy, and through the medium of the "Register" have long done so.

With this interest in these noble pastimes, I have some few fancies of my own, which, I confess, I do not feel quite easy to have

disturbed, as they are occasionally, by some one or other of your correspondents.

Among these is a great—though I hope a harmless, and not a captious or jealous—preference to *every thing Western* over everything from any other clime—no matter whether better or not. This amounts to a passion with me. The "Great West" is my free, wild, native home. A father penetrated the gloom of its ocean-forests, when its common realities were as the wildest romances of other lands. Its astonishing rapidity in every improvement, in civilization and refinement, is therefore a matter of personal pride with me. And do you know that (before I had seen much of your paper) I took offence at something like this sentiment in the "Spirit," viz: that "*Monarch*, the only horse with pretensions to meet *Boston* or *Wagner* in a four mile race, has broken down." Without disparagement to either of those three, I then thought *Grey Eagle* a worthy competitor in any field. His subsequent career justified that partiality. And the justness of your description of the race between him and *Wagner*, and of the powers of the horses, convinced me that you were *honest*, and therefore satisfied me. So here goes—after a long prayer—to a short sermon.

A sensible writer in the "Spirit," over the signature of "Anti-Humbug," I believe, (for I do not certainly remember, and have not the files by me,) classes a remark of another correspondent from Kentucky—that "*Medoc* must be admitted to be *one of the best foal getters in the world*"—as a specimen of *humbug*, which is almost the only principle in nature, I believe myself, as universal as the atmosphere.

Now, Sir, where have there been many *so very much* better? It is exceedingly difficult to settle comparisons, under circumstances and periods of time so different and remote. But was either Marske, Rockingham, Highflyer, Eclipse, Herod, or Diomed superior to him, either in the *degree* of speed and bottom, or in the *certainty and universality* of the faculty of imparting those qualities to their stock? I believe not. Was Sir Archy, that royal father of noble bloods, (the circumstances of both properly weighed,) too, better in the stud? Was Sir Charles, Timoleon, Eclipse, Bertrand, or Virginian? Let either of them be fairly weighed with him.

It has been stated in both the "Turf Register" and "Spirit of the Times," that of the *eighteen* of his first two-year-olds which started, *fourteen* of them were winners. If that statement be uncontradicted, can any advocate of either of the above horses, or of any other (unless it be Leviathan), show equal proportionate success, against fields of equal blood and merit, to those among which the Medoc's were the vanguard?

Can any horse of any era in America exhibit faster time, *combined* with stouter bottom, by his produce, than did Red Bill and Black-nose in their three mile heats, in 5:40—5:48—5:49—Total, nine miles in 17:17. Both Medocs, contending for and winning every heat, and before all others, in a field of nine of the best stock—such as Bertrands, Sir Lovells, and Imp. Sarpedons?

"Observer," in his "Review of the Spring Campaign," in the

May number of the "Register," has collated a table of the best Three mile heats in America, which I would not here copy but to *add another next best! and by another Medoc!!* Reference to it will be more easy, too, here, than in the former number:—

Red Bill's race, 1840.....	{ First heat.... 5:40 } best two, 11:28 { Second heat.. 5:48 } { Third heat... 5:49 } { Total..... —17:17 }
Sussex's race.....	{ First heat.... 5:46 } { Second heat.. 5:47 } { Total..... — } 11:33
Omega's race.....	{ First heat.... 5:43 } two best, 11:30 { Second heat.. 5:47 } { Third heat... 5:48 } { Total..... —17:18 }
Hard Cider's race.....	{ First heat.... 5:41 } { Second heat.. 6:14 } { Third heat... 5:55 } { Fourth heat.. 5:50—best two, 11:31 } { best three —17:26 }
Bertrand's race.....	{ First heat.... 5:47 } best two, 11:35 { Second heat.. 5:48 } { Third heat... 5:53 } { Fourth heat.. 5:54 } { best three —17:28 }
Bertrand's	twelve miles run in 23:22
Argyle's	" " " " 23:24
Medoc's	" " " " 23:30
Hard Cider's	" " " " 23:38
But Ripple's (by Medoc)	" " " " 23:14! caps the column.
Andrewetta's race.....	{ First heat.... 5:48 } { Second heat.. 5:42½ } { Total..... —11:30½ }
Treasurer's race.....	{ First heat.... 5:54½ } { Second heat.. 5:47½ } { Total..... —11:42 }
Black-nose (by Medoc), 1840	{ First heat.... 5:45 } { Second heat.. 5:46 } { Total..... —11:31 }
Ripple (by Medoc), 1840...	{ First heat.... 5:51 } best two, 11:38 { Second heat.. 5:47 } { Third heat... 5:44—best three, 17:22 } { Fourth heat.. 5:52 } { Total..... —23:14—last three, 17:23 }

So that in the nine best American races, *Red Bill* (by *Medoc*) has run the *fastest heat, the fastest two heats, and the fastest three heats*. *Black-nose*, by *Medoc*, (beating *Red Bill* in the first and fastest heat by a few inches, and scarcely beaten by him in the race,) has run the fourth-best first and second heats (5:45—5:46); and *Ripple*, by *Medoc*, has run the *third-best heat* (5:44); the *BEST third heat ever* run in the United States; the *third and fourth-best three heats* (17:22 and 17:23), and the *best four heats* in 23:14; beating *Bertrand*, and beating him *eight seconds!!!*

Are not *Ripple*, *Red Bill*, and *Black-nose* "A's No. 1, 2, and 3,"

among American three milers? and Medoc, their sire, equal in the quality of *some* of his get, to any horse in this (the *new*) world? Choose your stallion with three such colts as to actual performance, Mr. Anti-Humbug—if you can.

But here is something more. I have, as well as I was able, (from an imperfect file of the "Spirit of the Times" and "Turf Register,")—though I am sure it is incomplete—made a table of the number of Medoc's winners, giving the year, distance, time, &c.

WINNERS, THE GET OF MEDOC.

	1838	1839	1840
Winners in races at Mile heats	12	20	16
" " " " Two mile heats	4	16	17
" " " " Three mile heats	1	8	12
" " " " Four mile heats	1	4	4
Total	18	48	49

At Mile heats they have won

8 heats in 1:48 (1)	9 heats in 1:51
4 " " 1:49 (2)	12 " " 1:52
7 " " 1:50 (3)	

At two mile heats they have won

1 heat in 3:44 (3)	2 heats in 3:49 (7)
2 " " 3:45 (4)	2 " " 3:50
1 " " 3:46 (5)	3 " " 3:51
2 " " 3:48 (6)	5 " " 3:52

At Three mile heats they have won

1 heat in 5:40 (8)	1 heat in 5:47
1 " " 5:44 (9)	1 " " 5:48
1 " " 5:45 (10)	1 " " 5:49
1 " " 5:46 (11)	1 " " 5:50

At Four mile heats they have won

1 heat in 7:38	1 heat in 7:52
1 " " 7:50	1 " " 7:58

Is not the above slashing time, over all sorts of courses, and in all climates, the best at New Orleans?

It was not in my power to have collated tables comparing the races of the produce of the best stallions, *as it should be done*, shewing the number which started, the blood and character of the field, the distance and time of running, &c. But these few cases were selected to show the time in which the Medocs have performed. Some of these memoranda were compiled several weeks since. An attack of asthma, which confined me for the last week,

(1) Maria Duke 3, Minstrel 2, Red Bill 2, and Bendigo 1.

(2) Bendigo 3, and Black-nose 1.

(3) Cub.

(4) Grey Medoc and Cub.

(5) Vertner.

(6) Vertner and Grey Medoc.

(7) Geo. Kenner and Luda.

(8) Black-nose and Red Bill.

(9) Ripple—a third heat!

(10) and (11) Black-nose.

(12) Ripple.

(13) and (14) Red Bill.

has made it pleasant for me to resume and finish them. If opportunity, inclination, and another attack combine, I may some day write on a more general and interesting subject. ALPHA.

P.S. I have taken much interest in the "Quail" controversy. But aside from the temper of its present stage, is there not too much reference to the classification of Naturalists? This dispute, as I understand it, cannot be settled by their arbitration, inasmuch as it originated in the denial of their correctness. It is useless, therefore, to dispute about *names*, whether Latin or Greek. Frank Forester comes nearer the mark, when he alludes to their *habits*. But even he does not settle the question. For of the two divisions of the Partridge, the Red *do* sometimes perch on trees—"the Grey (common English)" as he says, "always keep on the ground. Ab. of Buffon, Cuvier, &c., vol. iii. p. 196. There is a striking similarity of habit in their exhibitions of affection for their young, and that of our birds, as described by Wilson. The number of eggs, too, correspond (ten to fifteen), while the Quail has only six or seven, and *spotted*. "The Quail is known by all to be a bird of passage." —[Ibid.] Ours is not so *generally* known to be at least. I doubt it much. They seem to me, in the Fall, to be taken with a sort of crazy, rambling fit, which lasts for so short a time as not to allow of very distant emigration. Some people say they always fly East. But who believes our birds fly so high or so far as the Quail? Not I. And as to those flocks of three hundred birds—if Harry Archer will say *he has seen* one, two, or three hundred of our quails or partridges, in a flock, I'll give up. Not otherwise. For, haven't I robbed their nests, trapped them, wattled them, and shot them, "any time these twenty years," and I never did. I have *heard* of it, but never saw nor believed it. Though if Archer says so I give up to him. I've done again. Perhaps it is neither Quail nor Partridge. I *know* England has not as great a bird to shoot or eat! That's poz.

A FEW PRACTICAL HINTS ON BREAKING SETTERS AND POINTERS.

From the London (Old) Sporting Magazine for Dec., 1840.

OUT of the numerous instructions that have from time to time been given to young Sportsmen for breaking setters and pointers, there is scarcely one in which the first lessons of the art are laid down: on the contrary, they almost all commence with the rules to be followed in breaking a young dog at the beginning of his first *season*, whereas a system of tuition should in reality be begun at a much earlier age, by which a great deal of the subsequent labor of rendering a dog obedient and handy will be obviated.

Almost all young shots imagine that to break a dog for the field

is a work of exceeding difficulty, and that none but a practised game-keeper is capable of doing so properly ; nor is this idea to be wondered at, when we read the interminable instructions for this purpose that are occasionally put forth in massive tomes, whose very dimensions are enough to impress the mind with a supposition that such lengthened directions could not be written upon any plan of easy execution ; and yet the actual truth is, that few things are more easily or more readily achieved than breaking a well-bred pointer or setter.

To effect this object easily, the first lesson should be given when a puppy is very young—say three months old ; for although he may doubtless be broken when some months older, yet the habits of subjection cannot be too soon acquired, and it is therefore desirable to begin with a puppy as soon as he is capable of comprehending your wishes.

The first thing you should teach your dog is to drop when commanded, and to lie perfectly still until, by a sign, you permit him to rise. This is an object of great importance ; as, if he were allowed to rove about after you had fired, he might disturb game before you had had time to re-load your gun, the report of which will frequently induce birds to crouch close instead of rising, provided you and your dogs remain in one spot.

Take then a very young dog into your *garden*—which is by far the best place to commence your task in—and having some pieces of bread or meat in one hand, call him to you, and, after having repeated the words "*down charge*" several times in a loud voice, push him down with one hand, and hold him fast until he learn the sound of this command, the meaning of which he will soon be brought to understand. Then raise your hand an inch or two from his body, and whenever he attempts to rise push him down again, and order him several times to "*down charge*," laying a strong emphasis on the first word, which indeed is all you need use. After the lapse of a minute or two, let him get up, and, patting and caressing him, give him a piece of bread or meat as a reward. This lesson you should repeat several times in the course of the day, until you are certain that the puppy comprehends what is required of him, when he may be allowed to run a short distance from you before you order him to drop. Should he disobey, as he probably will at first, thinking himself no longer under control, follow him, and, after having pushed him down, menace him slightly, or give him a trifling pull by the ear, and then walk away from him backwards, slowly and with your eye constantly fixed upon him, and your hand raised in a threatening attitude, taking care at the same time constantly to reiterate the word of command as you leave him. After having retreated a few paces, and forced him to keep crouched for half a minute, call him to you, and show him by kindness and encouragement that you are satisfied with him.

It is perfectly astonishing to see in how short a space of time even a very young puppy will become proficient in this his first lesson. I have frequently succeeded in three days in making a young setter or pointer not only drop at a considerable distance

when commanded, but lie close until the words "hie up" permitted him to rise; and so may any one else who will take the trouble to follow the very simple method I have recommended for this purpose. Never chastise a young puppy severely for any fault he may commit, or you will render him ever afterwards afraid of you, and materially diminish his natural boldness under all circumstances; and in the first instance, while breaking him, never omit to give him some trifling reward for his sagacity when he shews himself obedient to your orders.

If you wish to break a litter of puppies, you must begin by teaching each his lesson singly, and afterwards by twos and threes as they acquire proficiency in their task. By this method, after a little time—much less than you would imagine—what with much patience, some rewards, and occasionally a little gentle severity, according to their natural dispositions, you will have the pleasure of seeing six or seven puppies drop simultaneously at the word of command, and lie like stones until you suffer them to move. You may then begin to break them only to rise one by one when called by name, all the rest remaining crouched. This is certainly a hard lesson for young dogs, and you must therefore not be too severe upon them at first, if you are not able speedily to gain your point! for when one puppy is called, they will all probably come to you, and this alacrity is so natural, and betrays so much affection, that it would be unjust to visit with harsh treatment such a proof of their liking for you.

Being well grounded in this part of their education, you may gradually speak less and less loudly to them, and at every order to "down charge," hold your hand high above your head until this sign alone be sufficient to make them comprehend your wish. Teach them, too, always to look to you when you whistle, which you may do first loudly and afterwards gently, and when they turn their heads, direct them by a wave of the hand first to one side then to another, always taking care at first to turn yourself towards the point you wish them to make for; and when they begin to comprehend your signals, never suffer them to disobey you, or you will soon have to recommence your trouble afresh.

All this is more easily done in a garden than elsewhere, since from a small enclosed space puppies soon know there is no escape; whereas, were they in a field, it is ten to one but they would take to their heels when spoken to sharply, and, by chasing, you would only intimidate them.

When your young dogs have been taught to obey these your first instructions, begin to flash off a small quantity of powder over them, and gradually increase the charge until they get accustomed to and fearless of a gun; and, having fired, always be careful to make them drop and remain crouched until you have reloaded your piece. Should any of them run away from powder, as is frequently the case at first, you must coax them and keep them within certain bounds by means of a long string, but by no means beat or rate them for want of courage, as that is the surest plan to render them more timid.

When your dogs have been trained to this extent, if well-bred, the remaining task of breaking them to game is a matter of no difficulty whatever.

The after part of their education will for the most part be easily acquired, by taking them out singly with an old and perfectly steady dog, who quarters his ground well and regularly, and whose pace is not too fast. The puppy will naturally follow him, and will probably be more intent upon playing with and annoying him than anything else, and in this he must be let to have his way until the old dog have found and stood at game two or three times. If the young one from curiosity and heedlessness should spring it once or twice, he must on no account be beaten for it; but you may afterwards begin to rate and threaten him, and make him down charge when the old dog comes to a point. After having flushed the birds, call the puppy to you, and let him wind them and run over the ground; and, if it be a well-bred dog, it will not be long ere he begins to imitate the example of his senior: but should he still persist in running into his birds, he must be gently chastised at first, and kept at heel (a lesson he should early be taught, and will very soon acquire); and this restraint, while the other dog is permitted to work, will soon make him know that he is in disgrace, and cause him to be more careful. When the old dog comes to point again, take the puppy gently up in a string as near as you can without springing your game, and let him watch him for a time. All young animals are extremely inquisitive, and rely upon it that no naturally sagacious young setter or pointer will behold with inattention the motions of another and an older dog.

Great gentleness, however, is always requisite in breaking in a puppy; for as a certain degree of heedlessness is perfectly natural to his age, you must not expect perfection from him until time shall have given him experience; and if when young he be treated with cruelty, his temper will frequently be spoiled for life, and he will be rendered not only timid, but at the same time sulky. When you have occasion to rate or punish him, never send him to work until you have patted and forgiven him, otherwise he will range with his tail between his legs and seek to get behind you, or lie down in some corner, if he do not run away altogether.

The Sportsman who yields to passion, and is liable to kick or otherwise greatly hurt a young dog, should always provide himself with a light dog-whip, which can inflict no material injury.

Three years ago I made a present of one of an extremely fine litter of setters which I bred, to a friend of an extremely kind and mild disposition, and had that puppy gone into almost any other man's hands, he would have been irretrievably ruined; for so excessively timid was he, that he would frequently set off as though panic-struck, and, without the slightest apparent cause of fright, run home to his kennel, which nothing could afterwards persuade him to leave. The sound of a gun was sure to send him home; and often have I deemed his cowardice to be scarcely worth terminating by a charge of powder and shot. At length, imitating the other dogs in the field, he took to pointing—but it was at nothing—

and on being walked up to, he would race away as though he were going to be fired at. Still he was never beaten; and, by encouragement and gentle treatment, towards the middle of his second season began to find his birds well, lost all fear of the gun, would pick up the dead game which before he would run away from, and is at this moment the very best dog in the kennel. Singularly enough, his brother, whom I kept for myself and broke in, was the boldest and most courageous dog I ever met.

When in the field, never suffer your dogs to break fence; and if they do so, make them, if possible, return by the same gap through which they had run. Be also extremely particular, especially when they are young, never to pass over the slightest fault they may commit; and when they find they cannot elude your vigilance, they will correct themselves, should your eye not be upon them when they do wrong.

It is perhaps not very desirable to teach a pointer or setter to retrieve, though many men are fond of so doing: it makes them restless after a gun is fired, and sets them hunting for dead birds, where possibly live ones may be lying close. It is always better, if the bird you fired at be wounded and a runner, to go quietly after him, or even to lose him altogether, than to suffer your dogs to range wildly, which they will often do if made retrievers. I have seen many men race after a wounded bird, followed by their pointers in full chase; and the consequence has been that, in a short time, these dogs, after standing their game for a minute or so, have invariably taken to running in upon and chasing it. If a bird run in open ground, your best plan is to make a small circuit, creep up to it, and then, if he be badly hit, and you do not wish to fire again, keep your dogs at heel, and, if you can, *kick* it on the head, but never stoop to catch it; if you do, it will lead you a Sir Roger de Coverley dance to a certainty. The attempt to hit it on the head with the butt end of your gun, as I have frequently witnessed, ends in breaking your stock for the most part; and if you try to effect your purpose with the muzzle, you fill the end of your barrel with dirt, and lose much time and trouble in getting out what portion of it you can, and inserting powder to blow out the remainder.

Do not quarrel with your young dogs at first for standing larks and blackbirds. It is a good sign, and shows they are attentive, and moreover have some point in them—a discovery that is extremely pleasant when you have to break a puppy. I have known dogs go on for months standing all sorts of birds, but who have given over the habit on accidentally coming of a sudden upon game. Who, for instance dislikes to see his young litter steadfastly pointing a game cock or a cat, moving stealthily as they move, and standing firm when they stop?

The temper of a young dog is as carefully to be studied as that of a woman, if you wish to render either obedient. Timidity may be encouraged, eagerness may be restrained, but affection must be the bond that binds him to you, and renders him subservient to your will; and no animal in the creation is so capable of this feeling, and so alive to any proof of it in his master, as the dog. But for-

giving as he is by nature, this faithful slave of man cannot forget continued harshness and ill-treatment, and once he ceases to love he ceases to obey, unless when directly under the lash.

It must not be forgotten, during the exercise of that cardinal virtue, patience, that setters, generally speaking, are less easily broken than pointers; and moreover, when broken, are occasionally given to forget their lessons, and "run a muck" at all they meet. You will find some setters behave to admiration on one day, and on the following run up their game, and seem to take great pleasure in so doing into the bargain.

This fault is common to many setters in their first and second season, and hence the remark so frequently made—"that a setter is good for nothing until he be three years old."

Well, when you find a dog misbehaving in this manner, thrash him at first certainly; but if coercion should not cure him, remember that dogs have complaints like all other animals; that a cold may have diminished his power of smell, or that slight fever from over-work is liable to produce a similar effect, and, instead of continuing to beat, *disgrace him*, and send him to the rear while his companions do your work.

I have alluded to the practice of accustoming your dogs to obey a whistle as well as a word of command, and this I take to be a matter of very great importance, inasmuch as you need make scarcely any noise, and that which you do make is not calculated to scare game so much as the voice. When therefore you order your dogs to "hold up," always accompany the command with a low whistle of any kind you may deem proper, and there will soon be no occasion to speak to them in order to make them work. In the same manner, instead of *calling* them to you, let them be taught to turn on hearing one sharp and short note whistled, and you will speedily find the advantage of this system when birds grow wild.

It is on account of being taught to obey certain sounds and signs, with which you may perhaps be unacquainted, that you will seldom buy a dog ready broke, or get him broken for you, so satisfactorily as you may with a little trouble break him for yourself, and may also occasionally be led to under-rate a very good dog, who, from being unacquainted with your style of hunting him, may not readily obey you at first.

This fact I very early learned, and consequently have for a long time adopted the plan of always breaking in my own dogs; and I can safely assert, that I have never found any dog half so well broke to my hand as those which I have been at the trouble of training myself. A gamekeeper never takes sufficient pains with another man's dog, and invariably comes for his couple of guineas as soon as a puppy will point at birds and come to heel—two things that instinct and a cross word will soon teach him.

Those, therefore, who take delight in seeing their dogs perfect in every point will, if they take my advice, be at the trouble to train them for themselves—a task which is much easier than many people imagine, and which, when accomplished, adds materially to the gratification of a Sportsman.

AN OLD FILE.

ALPHABETICAL LIST OF
The Winning Horses for 1840.
IN ENGLAND, SCOTLAND, AND WALES.

⚡ The figure before the name denotes the age, and that after it the number of prizes won.

By **ABBAS MIRZA.**

- 3 Alderman, The, Mr. King's—60 sovs. at Liverpool July 1
 3 Shah, The, Lord Westminster's—the Dee stakes of 225 and the Palatine
 stakes of 200 at Chester, and 250 (walked over) at Liverpool July 3

ACORN (son of Skim.)

- a Agiation, Mr. J. Ellman's, a silver bowl with 58 in specie, at East Sussex
 hunt 1

ACTÆON (son of Scud.)

- 4 Arrian, Mrs Parr's, 35 and 59 at Aberystwith 2
 3 Chasseur, Lord Bruce's, 50 and the Queen's plate of 100 gs. at Winchester,
 50 at Blandford, and 50 at Newmarket Houghton 4
 3 Ch. C. (out of Evans), Mr. Combe's, 50 at Ipswich 1
 3 Cornuto, Lord Stanley's, the St. Leger stakes of 150 and 120 at Manches-
 ter, and 100 (w. o.) at Liverpool July 3
 3 Floreat, Mr. W. Wyndham's, 250 at Bibury Club 1
 5 Hackfall, Capt. Wrather's, 50 at Newcastle 1
 3 Jewess, The, Mr. Taunton's, 39 and 38 at Tavistock, 50 at Plymouth, De-
 vonport and Cornwall, 33 at Devon and Exeter, and 27 at Totness and
 Bridgtown 5
 4 Pluto, Mr. Goodman's, 65 at Pytchley Hunt 1
 3 Monops, Capt. Gardnor's, 45 at Egham 1

AGREEABLE (son of Emilius.)

- 3 Maid of Ipswich, Mr. Roger's, 50 at Newmarket Houghton 1

ARGENTES (an Arabian.)

- 4 Cleanthes, Mr. R. Peck's, 50 at Beverly 1

ASTBURY (son of Langton.)

- 6 Mary Wood, Mr. E. Hughes's 45 at Birmingham and Solihull, Mr Jones's,
 45 at Newcastle (Staffordshire), Mr. Wadlow's, 29 at Oldbury, £22 10s.
 at Sandbach, 25 at Walsall, and a Stake at Stone 6
 5 Woodbine, Mr. Wadlow's, 32 at Shiffnal, and a silver cup with 5 in specie
 at Dudley, Tipton and West Bromwich 2

AUGUSTUS (son of Sultan.)

- 4 Harmodius, Mr. Downe's, 31 at Bodmin 1
 3 Perdita, Duke of Bedford's, 100 at Goodwood 1
 4 Rejected, The, Mr. Robinson's, a cup or a piece of Plate value 50 with 95
 in specie, and 240 at Royal Caledonian hunt and Kelso 2
 3 Rosa Bianca, Lord Warwick's, 75 at Warwick 1
 3 Sal Volatile, Lord George Bentinck's, 45 at Blandford 1

BATTLEDORE (son of Sir Oliver.)

- 3 Ch. C. (out of Blue Bell), Sir T. Stanley's, 275 at Chester 1
 5 Northenden, Mr. Worthington's, the Chesterfield Handicap of 360, at
 Pytchley Hunt, and the Queen's Plate of 100 gs, at Manchester 2

BEAGLE (son of Whalebone.)

- 5 Bellona, Lord Eglinton's, the Cheshire Stakes of 200 at Chester 1
 2 Bugle, Mr. E. Peel's, 130 at the Pottery 1
 5 Constantine, Sir J. Boswell's, 50 at Western Meeting, 50 at Royal Cale-
 donian hunt and Kelso meeting, and 41 at Dumfries 3

3	Thistlewhipper, Mr. Etwall's 130 at Bibury Club, 225 at Stockbridge, 80 (w. o.) at Winchester, and 325 at Newmarket Houghton.....	4
	BEDLAMITE (son of Welbeck.)	
3	Banquo, Mr. Dawson's, 70 at Richmond	1
2	Cast Off, Mr. Bird's, 60 at Stamford	1
5	Saul, Mr. E. Peel's, 20 (w. o.) at Chester, 69 at the Pottery, 65 at New-castle (Staffordshire), the Bretby cup value 100 with 110 in specie at Burton-on-Trent, 35 at Walsall, and two stakes at Stone	7
3	Vermillion, Mr. Thompson's, 26 at Lancaster.....	1
	BELSHAZZAR (son of Blacklock.)	
2	Belgrade, Mr. Allen's, 40 at York August, and 50 at Doncaster	2
3	Benjamin, Mr. Clark's, 90 at York August, and 80 at Doncaster	2
2	Ch. C. (dam by Figaro) Mr. Stable's, 110 at Beverley	1
3	Fitzroy, Mr. Treen's, the Hippodrome Handicap of 590 at Hippodrome, the St. Leger stakes of 105 at Warwick, and 100 at Newmarket Houghton..	3
3	Mountain Sylph, Mr. Osbaldeston's, 100 at Newmarket first spring.....	1
	BELZONI (son of Birdcatcher.)	
3	Mungo Park, Capt. Gardnor's, 100 at Goodwood, 55 at Egham, and 25 at Newmarket Houghton.....	3
	BIRDCATCHER (son of St. Patrick.)	
3	B. F. (out of Jemima) Sir R. W. Bulkeley's, 200 at Holywell hunt	1
3	Rabbitcatcher, Sir T. Stanley's, the stand cup value 100 with 60 in specie at Chester	1
	BIZARRE (son of Orville.)	
5	Bellissima, Mr. Maley's, 70 at Coventry, silver cup value 30 with 50 in specie, 50 at Bath Spring, and a stakes (w. o.) at Hippodrome.....	4
a	Mus, Duke of Richmond's, 135 at Goodwood, the Queen's plate of 100gs. at Brighton, the Queen's plate of 100gs. at Lewes, and the Queen's plate of 100gs. at Canterbury	4
3	Piccotee, Mr. Hobson's, 35 and 75 at Bath Spring, 108 at Edensford, 100 at Blandford, and 245 at Abingdon	5
3	Variety, Mr. Foster's, 40 and her majesty's cup value 100gs. at Plymouth, Devonport and Cornwall.....	2
	BLACKLOCK.	
	Barton, Mr. Boynton's, a match at Scarborough.....	1
	BLACKLOCK (YOUNG.)	
5	Aladdin, Lord Dunmore's, 50 at Edinburgh, 35 and twice 50 at Perth	4
	BLUCHER.	
	Ch. G., Sir C. H. Ibbotson's, a cup or piece of plate value 50 at Yorkshire union hunt.....	1
6	Wellington, Mr. Hawkin's, 50 a Bromyard.....	1
	BOB GORE.	
a	Marmion, Mr. Crowdy's, 40 at Bibury Spring.....	1
	BRUTANDORF (son of Blacklock.)	
4	Alzdorf, Mr. Bristow's, 50 at Epsom, Mr. V. King's, 49 at Lewes, and Mr. Shelley's, 29 at Blandford	3
a	Arctic, Mr. Herbert's, the Bath stake of 170 at Bath Spring, the Bibury stakes of 240 at Bibury, the Somersetshire stakes of 370 at Bath, 165 at Winchester, 220 and the cup stakes of 80, at Salisbury, the Queen's plate of 100gs. at Weymouth, and 75 at Warwick	8
4	Hetman Platoff, Mr. Bowes's, 95 (w. o.) at Ascot heath, the Northumber-land plate of 200 with 395 in specie at Newcastle, the Wolverhampton stakes of 650, and the Cleveland cup value 100 with 75 in specie at Wol-verhampton	4
	BUSTARD.	
6	Doncaster, Mr. Treen's, 75 and 50 at Goodwood, 20 and 25 at Marlborough, and 60 at Plymouth, Devonport and Cornwall.....	5
	BUZZARD (son of Blacklock.)	
5	Dædalus, Gen. Grosvenor's, 80, 50 and the gold cup value 100, with ten in specie at Stamford.....	3
4	Miss Hawk, Lord Orford's, 45 at Newmarket second spring.....	1

CACCIA PIATTI.

- 6 Sweetlips, Mr. Wetherill's, a plate with 10 added at Tynemouth 1

CADLAND (son of Andrew.)

- 6 Miss Kitty Cockle, Mr. Saunder's, 50 at Tenbury, and 50 at Stourbridge.. 2

CAIN (son of Paulowitz)

- 4 Able, Mr. S. Smith's, 40 and a silver cup value 20gs. with 20 in specie at Marlow, and 25 at Lee and Eltham..... 3

- 4 Canace, Mr. J. Day's, 45 (w. o.) at Gloucester..... 1

- 3 Clove, Lord Albemarle's, 100 at Newmarket Craven..... 1

- 2 Remnant Mr. Edward's, 40 at Newmarket July..... 1

- 5 Rebecca, Mr. Walter's, 25 at Burton Constable Hunt..... 1

- 4 Tubalcain, Mrs. Massey's, 140 at Coventry, 35 at Birmingham and Solihull, 70 at Wenlock, 80 at Worcester, the Holyoake stakes of 250 at Wolverhampton, 40 at Stourbridge, 65 and the Queen's plate of 100gs. at Warwick, and the Tankerville stakes of 230 at Shrewsbury 9

CALLISTHENES.

- 4 Antisthenes, Mr. Watson's, two plates at Tynemouth 2

CAMEL (son of Whalebone.)

- 3 Abracadabra, Mr. W. Ley's, 50 at Plymouth..... 1

- 2 B. C. (out of Cecilia), Capt. Gardner's, 50 at Newmarket Houghton..... 1

- 4 Br. F. (sister to Pickwick), Mr. Rush's, 30 at Bedford..... 1

- 3 Black Bess, Col. Anson's, 900 at Newmarket Craven..... 1

- 2 Cameleon, Col. Peel's, the Clearwell stakes of 590, and the Prendergast stakes of 450 at Newmarket Houghton..... 2

- 3 Cambyzes, Lord Albemarle's, 200 at Newmarket Craven..... 1

- 5 Caravan, Mr. J. Day's, a cup value 100 with 90 in specie at Gloucester... 1

- 3 Clematis, Mr. Balchin's, 50 at Tunbridge Wells..... 1

- 3 Dromedary, Mr. Bingham's, 50 at Hippodrome, and Mr. J. Garrard's, 14 at Rochester and Chatham 2

- 2 Lampoon, Lord Westminster's, 100 (w. o.) at York August, and 50 at Doncaster..... 2

- 3 Launcelot, Lord Westminster's, 75 (w. o.) at Liverpool July, received 50 at York August, the great St. Leger stakes of 2,925, and half of 400 with Black Beck at Doncaster..... 3½

- 6 Pickwick, Mr. Rush's, 85 at Hampton and Moulsey Hurst, Mr. Goodman's, 50 at Hippodrome, 51 and 49 at Brighton, 50 at Egham, 80 at Newmarket second October, and 50 at Newmarket Houghton 7

- 2 Simoom, Gen. Yates's, 250 at Newmarket Houghton 1

- 3 Wilderness, Mr. Firth's, 55 at Epsom, a silver cup with a purse added at Hampton and Moulsey Hurst, and 30 at Newmarket second October.... 3

CANNON-BALL.

- a Vestris, Mr. Knight's, 50 at East Sussex hunt..... 1

CATTON (son of Golumpus.)

- 6 St. Bennet, Lord Eglinton's, the Queen's plate of 100 gs. at Doncaster.... 1

CETUS (son of Whalebone.)

- 4 Sampson, Duke of Cleveland's, 100 at Doncaster 1

CHAMPIGNON.

- 4 Imperial, Mr. Johnson's, stakes at Hastings and St. Leonard's..... 1

CHATEAU MARGAUX.

- 5 Pestongee Bomanjee, Col. Wyndham's, 50 and 64 at Epsom..... 2

CLAXTON.

- a Thief Cox, Mr. Westley's the Farmer's cup, value 50 at Pytchley hunt.... 1

CLEARWELL.

- 2 Myrtle, Mr. Greville's, £37 and 10s. (being half of 75 with St. Cloud) at Newmarket second spring, 50 and ran a dead heat with Nicholas at Newmarket second October..... 1½

- 3 Petito, Lord Orford's, 120 at Newmarket Craven, and 50 at Newmarket first spring..... 2

THE COLONEL (son of Whisker.)

- 3 Br. F. (out of Mary Anne), Capt. Gardner's, 55 at Epsom, and 50 at Ascot Heath..... 2

4 Ch. F. (out of Zaire), Mr. S. Smith's, 55 at Hertford	1
2 Cornet, The, Lord G. Bentinck's, 275 at Ascot heath	1
2 Gambia, Lord Chesterfield's, the Brighton stakes of 225 at Brighton, and 100 at Doncaster	2
5 Martinet, Mr. Abel's, 37 at Yarmouth	1
CONDUCTOR (son of Filho da Puta).	
a Oswald, (late Morning Star), Sir D. Baird's, 50 at Edinburgh, 30 and the Tradesmen's Cup with 12 in specie at Stirling, and the Paisley cup, value 50 with 30 in specie and 10 (w. o.) at Paisley, 50 at Beccles, 40 at Norfolk and Norwich, and 100 at Bicester	8
CONFEDERATE (son of Comus).	
5 Goldhurst, Mr. Walter's, 35 at Stourbridge	1
CONTEST (son of Catton).	
3 Lady Crainshaws, Mr. Ramsey's, 210 at Western Meeting	1
CONSERVATOR (son of Tramp).	
a Patriot, Mr. Merry's, 50, 10 (w. o.) 20, and 150 (w.o.) at Western Meeting ..	4
CORINTHIAN (son of Comus).	
4 Clem-o'-the-Cleugh, Mr. Wilkin's, 26 at Barnley, and 45 at Stockton	2
a Petrel, Mr. Jolly's, 50 at Chelmsford	1
CRÆSUS.	
3 Spangle, Lord Albemarle's, 200 at Newmarket Craven, and 550 at Ascot heath	2
DACTYL.	
a Bolivar, Mr. Jones's, the Granby Handicap of 570 at Croxton-park, and 85 at Ludlow	2
DEFENCE (son of Whalebone).	
2 B. f. (out of Nannette), Sir G. Heathcote's, 60 at Egham	1
2 Benedetta, Fulwar Craven's, 300 at Newmarket 1st Oct.	1
4 Cerberus, Mr. Westbrook's, 60 at Bath Spring, and 70 (w. o.) at Abingdon ..	2
a Combat, Mr. Sadler's, 85 and 60, at Gloucester, Mr. Forster's, 45, at Winchester, and 79, at Plymouth, Devonport and Cornwall	4
2 Decision, Capt. Williamson's, half of 80, with Diversion, and 35, at Bath Spring, 70 at Ascot-heath, and 350 at Goodwood	3½
2 Diversion, Mr. Sadler's, half of 80, with Decision, at Bath Spring, and 60 at Bath	1½
3 Dreadnought, Lord G. Bentinck's, 450 at Newmarket Craven	1
3 Lalla Rookh, Mr. Fowler's, 65 at Newton	1
3 Lady Georgiana, Mr. Harris's, a silver cup with 26 in specie at Bath Spring, and 30 at Haverfordwest	2
2 Protection, Mr. Sadler's, 50 at Newmarket Houghton	1
4 Science, Mr. J. Day's, 35 at Bath	1
DR. EADY (son of Rubens).	
5 Hahneman, Mr. Booth's, 15 (w. o.) 10 (w. o.) and 40 at Bedford Spring, 50 at Epsom, and 50 at Northampton	5
6 Linner, M. Pryse Pryse's, 50 at Aberystwith	1
DRONE (son of Master Robert).	
5 Friar, The, Mr. Flintoff's, 105 at Walsall	1
DOCTOR FAUSTUS (son of Filho da Puta).	
5 Lucretia, Mr. Tucker's, 20 with a purse added at Haverfordwest, and 35 at Swansea and Neath	2
6 Merry Lass, Capt. Davies's, 20 at Abergavenny, 30 at Knighton, and 115 at Haverfordwest	3
3 Tupsley, Mr. Griffith's, 40 at Hereford, and 45 at Shrewsbury	2
DOCTOR SYNTAX (son of Paynator).	
2 B. f. out of Fanchon, Mr. Newton's, half of 20 with Jessica at Newmarket July	½
a Beeswing, Mr. Orde's, the Gold Cup or Specie value 60 at Catterick Bridge, 60 at Newcastle, 35 and cup stakes of 140 at Lancaster; the two Queen's Plates of 100gs each, at York August Meeting, 50 and the Gold Cup value 350gs with 50 in specie at Doncaster, and 100 and 90 at Royal Caledonian Hunt and Kelso	10

- a Doctor, The, Mr. Ramsay's, 50, at Eglinton Park, 55 at Newton; the Queen's Plate of 100 gs at Edinburgh, the Gold Cup value 100gs with 60gs in specie at Stirling, the Gold Cup value 100gs with 75 in specie and 50 at Western Meeting, 26 at Belford, the Ladies' Cup, value 100 gs at Royal Caledonian Hunt and Kelso, and 50 and 45 at Dumfries.... 10
 a Pilot, Mr. Gough's, 24 at Swansea and Neath, and 26 and 40 at Newport... 3
 2 Ralph, Lord Albemarle's, the Criterion Stakes of 740 at Newmarket Ho'ton. 1

SIR EDWARD.

- 5 Jerry, Mr. Edward's, 42 at Ashby-de-la-Zouch..... 1

EASTGROVE.

- 4 B. g., Mr. J. Wayman's, the Farmer's Cup, with a Stake added, at Knighton 1

THE EARL (son of Percy).

- 2 Lady Paramount, Mr. Dawson's, 50 at Newcastle (Staff.)..... 1
 Loom, Mr. Edgar's, a Stake with a Purse added at Carlisle..... 1

EDEN.

- 5 B. g. (dam by Rubens), Sir W. Carew's, 30 at Plymouth..... 1

EMANCIPATION (son of Whisker).

- 4 Ernest the First, Mr. Painter's, 10 at Wolverhampton..... 1
 4 Poet, The, Mr. Jones's, 40 and 35 at Houghton, and 50 at Ludlow 3
 5 Prudence, Mr. Fowler's, 26 at Dudley, Tipton, and West Bromwich, and Mr. Flintoff's 40 at Walsall..... 2
 5 Query, Mr. Page's, 50 at Lichfield, and 50 and a Stake at Sandbach..... 3

EMILIUS (son of Orville).

- 3 B. f. (out of Nannette), Sir G. Heathcote's, 75 (w. o.) at Ascot Heath, and 20 (w. o.) at Egham..... 2
 3 Blemish, Mr. Galpine's, 50 at Ascot Heath, 80 at Blandford, and 38 at Weymouth..... 3
 3 Brother to Confusionee, Mr. Pryce Pryce's, 60 and 75 at Aberystwith.... 2
 3 Ch. c. (out of Farce), Duke of Cleveland's, 400 at Newmarket Craven, and 200 at Newmarket First Spring..... 2
 a Centurion, Mrs. Ramsay's, 45 at Kelso Spring, 65 with a Purse added at Newcastle, 55 at Morpeth, a Gold Knife and Fork with 8 in specie and 40 at Belford, and 50 at Royal Caledonian Hunt and Kelso..... 6
 3 Columella, Mr. Goddard's, 40 at Newmarket July..... 1
 4 Confusionee, Duke of Richmond's, the Queen's Plate of 100gs, at Newmarket First Spring, 55 and the St. Albans Town Cup with 10 in specie (w. o.) at Gorhambury, and the Queen's plate of 100gs, at Salisbury..... 4
 4 Drama, The, Mr. Shelley's, 50 at Epsom Spring, and 75 at Lewes..... 2
 3 Emetic, Mr. Thornhill's, 150 at Newmarket First Spring..... 1
 4 Euclid, Mr. Thornhill's, 600 and the Claret Stakes of 400 at Newmarket Craven, and 300 at Newmarket First Spring..... 3
 a Foozool, Mr. Etwall's, 31 at Southampton..... 1
 3 Perseus, Mr. Greville's, received 100 at Newmarket Craven. 400 at Ascot Heath, received 50 and ran a dead heat with Amurath at Newmarket Second October, and ran a dead heat with Nicholas, at Newmarket Houghton..... 4
 3 Theon, Duke of Cleveland's, 350, at Newmarket Craven..... 1

FALCON (son of Interpreter).

- 3 Genius, The, Mr. J. Catton's, 45 at Beverley..... 1
 6 Pyramid, Mr. Fairlie's, the Glasgow Cup, value 100 with 25 in specie at Stirling, and 45 at Morpeth..... 2

FIGARO (son of Haphazard).

- a Isaac, Mr. Collin's, the Worcestershire Stakes of 115 at Worcester, the Cup value 100, with 45 in specie at Oxford, the Queen's Plate of 100gs at Shrewsbury, the Gold Cup value 100 at Wrexham, and 100 at Newmarket Houghton..... 5

FILHO DA PUTA (son of Haphazard).

- 4 Frailty, Mr. Moss's, 50 at Buxton, 23 and 29 at Oldbury, a Cup, value 25 at Medbourne, and 30 at Bromsgrove..... 5
 4 Viola, Mr. Lacey's, 35 at Dudley, Tipton, and West Bromwich..... 1

FIRMAN (son of Sultan).

- 5 Passport, General Gilbert's, 50 at Plymouth Spring, the Cup Stakes of 250 and 70 at Bibury Club, 44 and 39 at Devon and Exeter, 32 at Totness and Bridgetown, and 35 at Bodmin 7
 6 Sam Weller, Mr. Davies's, 45 and 35 at Swansea, 40 at Newport, 75 at Hereford; Mr. E. Herbert's, 35 and 50 at Breconshire, and 21 at Monmouth 7

FITZ WALTON.

- a Leopold, Mr. Fairlie's, 80 at Eglinton Park 1

FLEXIBLE.

- 4 Br. f. (dam by Champion), Mr. T. Walter's, 22 at Lichfield 1

FREDERICK (son of Little John).

- 3 Carlotta, Mr. Rathbone's, 45 (w. o.) and 65 at Southampton 2
 5 Fred., Mr. Richardson's, 14, at Radcliffe Bridge 1

THE FLYER.

- a Jupiter, Mr. Wilder's, 55 and 46 at Stamford 2

FUNGUS (son of Truffle).

- 4 Chilson, Mr. Rawlinson's, 50 at Oxford 1

GABERLUNZIE (son of Wanderer).

- 5 Ochiltree, Major Shirley's, 22 at Weymouth 1

GAINSBOROUGH (son of Rubens).

- 5 Ch. m. (sister to Fearnley), Mr. Bell's, the Gold Cup with 65 in specie, at Yorkshire Union Hunt 1
 4 Fearnley, Mr. Bell's, 295 at Pytchley Hunt, the Billesdon Coplow Stakes of 225, at Croxton Park, and the Champagne Plate with 130 in specie at Yorkshire Union Hunt 3
 2 Man Friday (brother to Fearnley), Mr. Bell's, 40 at Ripon 1

GAMBOL (son of Nicolo).

- 3 Marialvo, Mr. Beresford's, 45 at Huntingdon, Mr. Key's, 55 and 60 at Leicester, 50 at Bedford, and 50 at Newmarket Second October 5

GAMEBOY.

- 4 B. f. (dam by Royal Oak), Mr. G. Ongley's, 40 at Bedford Spring 1

GIOVANNI.

- 3 Leporello, Lord Warwick's, 70 at Wolverhampton, and 50 (w. o.) at Warwick 2

GLAUCUS.

- 2 B. c. (out of Rosalie), Lord Bruce's, 45 (w. o.) at Salisbury 1
 3 Caution, Mr. Roger's, 70 at Newmarket Houghton 1
 2 Harpoon, Duke of Richmond's, 470 and 1,650 at Goodwood 2
 2 Palæmon, Mr. Greville's, 90 at Epsom 1

GLENCOE (son of Sultan).

- 3 Ch. C. (out of Ruth), Duke of Portland's, 50 at Newmarket Craven 1
 3 Darkness, Captain Williamson's, 430 at Ascot Heath 1
 3 Glimpse, Mr. S. A. Smith's, 150 (w. o.) at Newmarket Craven 1
 3 Wardan, Mr. Wreford's, 825, at Stockbridge, 425 at Bath, 125 (w. o.) at Winchester, the Drawing-room Stakes of 835, and the Racing Stakes of 850 at Goodwood, and 225 (w. o.) at Salisbury 6

GREY VISCOUNT (son of Viscount).

- 4 Auckland, Mr. J. Clark's, twice 50 and a Plate at South Shields 3

GRIMALDI (YOUNG.)

- a Slang, Mr. Balchin's, 65 at Brighton, 50 at Tunbridge Wells, and 50 at Canterbury 3

GUSTAVUS (son of Election).

- 6 Jim Crow, Mr. Curwen's, a Stake at Marlborough, and 21 at Romford 2

HAMPTON.

- 2 Traffic, Colonel Anson's, 60 at York August 1

HARLEQUIN (an Arabian).

- 4 Gr. f., Mr. W Taylor's, 32 at Buxton 1

HAZARD.

- 3 Roulette, Mr. Higgin's, 50 at Bicester..... 1

HENWICK (son of Spectre).

- 6 Pickwick, Mr. Jones', 31 at Chelmsford..... 1

HESPERUS (son of Haphazard).

- 6 Hesperus, Young, Mr. Gough's, a purse at Newport, and 28 (disputed) at Breconshire..... 2

HINDOSTAN (son of Whalebone).

- 3 Rosemary, Mr. C. Trelawney's, 25 at Plymouth and Devonport..... 1

HUMPHREY CLINKER (son of Comus)

- 5 Smollett, Mr. Vansittart's, 50 at Liverpool Autumn, and the gold cup, value 60 gs., and 50 at Richmond..... 3

HUNTINGDON (son of Brutandorf).

- 3 St. Maurice, Mr. Watson's, 50 at Morpeth..... 1

INCUBUS (son of Phantom).

- 6 Talebearer, Mr. Roots', 20 at Melbourne..... 1

INFLEXIBLE.

- 6 Fat Jack, Mr. Green's, 40 at Wenlock, Mr. Evans', 50 at Breconshire, a silver-headed whip, with 40 in specie, and a stakes at Monmouth..... 4

ISHMAEL.

- 3 Carios, Mr. Coleman's, 35 and 30 at Lee and Eltham..... 2

- 2 La Gitana, Col. Anson's, 300 at Doncaster and 100 at Newmarket 2d Oct. 2

JERRY (son of Smolensko).

- 3 Janus, Lord Albemarle's, 50 at Newmarket 2d Oct. 1

- 3 Jeffy, Lord Lynedoch's, 100 at Epsom, and 50 at Newmarket July..... 2

- 4 Juvenile, Mr. B. Collett's, 80 at Gloucester, 50 at Wenlock, and 31 at Stourbridge..... 3

- 3 Nicholas, Col. Anson's, 300 at Newmarket Craven, 50 at Ascot Heath; Mr. Pettit's, 100 at Brighton, 100 and ran a dead heat for 100 with Myrtle at Newmarket 2d Oct., and received 50 and ran a dead heat with Perseus at Newmarket Houghton..... 6

- 2 Terrace, Lord Eglinton's, 75 (w.o.) at Newcastle..... 1

JENKINS.

- a Obelisk, Mr. Brand's, 50 at Gorhambury, and 60 at Hippodrome..... 2

JUJUBE (son of Juniper).

- a True Blue, Mr. Stephenson's, 45 at Lincoln..... 1

LAMPLIGHTER (son of Merlin).

- 3 Factory Girl, Col. Anson's, 50 at Liverpool July; Mr. Herbert's, 105 at Salisbury..... 2

- 3 Firefly, Lord Lichfield's, received 250 and received 100 at Newmarket Craven..... 2

LANGAR (son of Selim).

- 3 Bonnet Rouge, Mr. Armitage's, 50 at Rochester and Chatham..... 1

- 2 Ch. f. (out of sister to Portrait), 200 at Newmarket 1st Spring..... 1

- 4 Chantilly, Mr. Copeland's, 140 at Manchester, 55 at Stourbridge, the Staffordshire stakes of 320 at Lichfield, 65 at Shrewsbury, a cup, value 50, with 55 in specie, 95 and the cup stakes of 90 at Oswestry..... 7

- 6 Epirus, Mr. Bowes', the Stewards' cup, value 300, with 200 in specie, at Goodwood, the Copeland Handicap of £859 10s. at the Pottery, the Queen's plate of 100gs. and 50 (w. o.) at Lincoln, and the Queen's plate of 100gs. at Nottingham..... 5

- 2 Ermengardis, Col. Craufurd's, 155 at Liverpool Autumn..... 1

- 5 Garland, Sir C. Monck's, the cup, value 90, in specie, at Knutsford..... 1

- 2 Langolee, Capt. Rous', received 100 at Newmarket 1st Oct., and twice 50 at Newmarket Houghton..... 3

- 3 Half-caste, Lord G. Bentinck's, received 50 at Goodwood..... 1

- 3 Lady Grove, Mr. Bowes', 60gs. at Newton, 140 and 40 at the Pottery.... 3

- 2 Lumley, Mr. Thornhill's, received 150 at Newmarket 1st Oct..... 1

- 4 Montreal, Duke of Grafton's, 50 at Newmarket July, the Queen's plate of 100gs. (w. o.) at Chelmsford, and the Queen's plate of 100gs. at Northampton..... 3

- a Potentate, The, Lord Eglinton's, the Queen's plate of 100gs. and 125 at Chester, 85 at Eglinton Park, and the Goodwood cup of 1839, value 300, with 345 in specie at Goodwood 4
- 3 Prince Albert, Mr. J. Gill's, the Borough cup, value 100, with 120 in specie, at Newton, 65 at the Pottery, 60 and 45 at Oswestry, 55 at Wrexham, 40 (w.o.) and 70 at Holywell Hunt..... 7
- 2 Quilt Arnold, Mr. Gascoigne's, 100 at York Spring 1
- 4 Tivy, Mr. B. Collett's, 35 at Birmingham and Solihull, 30 at Shiffnall, 60 at Tenbury, 65 at Bromyard, and 100 at Warwick 5

LAUREL (son of Blacklock).

- 3 Daphne, Lord Westminster's, 50 at Newcastle (Staffordshire)..... 1

LIVERPOOL (son of Tramp).

- 4 Ararat, Mr. Loy's, 115 at Liverpool July, and 85 at Lancaster..... 2
- 2 B. f. (sister to Broadwath), Mr. Jones', 155 at Ludlow..... 1
- 3 Calypso, Mr. St. Paul's, 175 at Newcastle, the Parkhill stakes of 600 at Doncaster, and 100 at Newmarket 2d Oct. 3
- 3 Lady Liverpool, Mr. W. Kirby's, 41 at Durham; Mr. Mitchell's, 50 at Newcastle 2
- 5 Lanercost, Mr. Ramsay's, the Irvine Cup, value 310, and 110 at Eglinton Park, the gold cup, or piece of plate, value 100, with 40 in specie, at Newcastle, 42 and the Queen's plate of 100gs. (w.o.) at Carlisle, the Roxburghe cup or piece of plate, value 200gs., and the Queen's plate of 100gs. at the Royal Caledonian Hunt and Kelso, and the gold cup, value 100, at Dumfries..... 8
- 3 Malvolio, Lord Eglinton's, 60gs. at Chester 1
- 4 Messmate, Col. Cradock's, 50 at Durham, 60 at Manchester, the silver cup, value 50, with 15 in specie, at Ripon, and 300 at Liverpool Autumn.... 4
- 3 Naworth, Lord G. Bentinck's, the Dorsetshire gold cup, value 100, with 10 in specie, at Blandford 1
- 3 Tilter. The, Mr. Sandiland's, 62 at Stirling, and 50 at Perth..... 2
- 5 Wee Willie, Mr. Meiklam's, 50 at Dumfries 1

LONGWAIST (son of Whisker).

- 4 B. c. (out of Heron's dam), Mr. S. Herbert's, 55 and 75 at Abingdon.... 2
- 5 Slender, Mr. Clifton's, 50 at Canterbury, and 52 at Isle of Thanet..... 2

LOUDON.

- 3 B. f. (out of Robinson's Melbourne's d.), Mr. Finch's, 34 at Southampton .. 1

LOTTERY (son of Tramp).

- 6 Tiger, The, Capt. Ramsden's, 25 at Yorkshire Union Hunt, and 35 at York Oct 2
- a Valentine, Mr. Clayton's, 35 and 33 at Stafford..... 2
- a Zohrab, Mr. Fairlie's, the Berwickshire gold cup, value 170, at Eglinton Park..... 1

MALEK (son of Blacklock).

- 6 Abraham Newland, Mr. Fairlie's, 135 at Goodwood, and 70 at Royal Caledonian Hunt and Kelso 2
- 6 Modesty, Mr. Meiklam's, the Shrigley cup, value 100, with 335 in specie, at Newton, the Glasgow cup, value 100, with 210 in specie, at Paisley, 60 at Shrewsbury, and the Caledonian cup, value 100gs. at Royal Caledonian Hunt and Kelso 4

MAMELUKE (son of Partisan).

- 4 Domino, Lord Albemarle's, 300 at Newmarket Craven, 50 (w.o.), 300 (w.o.), and 50 at Newmarket 1st Spring, and the Queen's plate, value 100gs., at Ascot Heath..... 5
- a Zethus, Mr. I. Day's, 50 at Bath 1
- a Zohrab, Mr. Fairlie's, 120 at Goodwood 1

MAGNET.

- a Mischief, Mr. Hobson's, 60 at Manchester; Mr. Smith's, a purse, with a stake added, at Ratcliffe Bridge 2

MARGRAVE (son of Muley).

- 4 Mazourka, Col. Thompson's, 40 at Yorkshire Union Hunt.....

Son of the MALCOLM ARABIAN.	
Zillah, Mr. J. Pugh Pryse's, 25 at Aberystwith	1
MASTER HENRY (son of Orville).	
a B. g., Mr. Phillips', a stake at Shiffnall	1
MASTER ROBERT.	
a Rust, Mr. J. Byrne's, 110 at Pytchley Hunt	1
MASTER RICHARD.	
a Robin, Mr. Williams', 55 at Croxton Park	1
MEDORO (son of Cervantes).	
3 Bob Peel, Mr. Beresford's, 65 at Newmarket July, 55 at Hertford, 50 at Leicester, the Queen's plate of 100gs. at Bedford, and 50 at Newmarket 1st Oct.	5
5 Isabella, Mr. Curwen's, 50 at Gorhambury, 50 and the Cup stakes of 60 at Hertford, the Cup stakes of 60 at Huntingdon, and 65 at Bedford	5
4 Tamburini, Lord Milton's, 50 at Yorkshire Union Hunt	1
MEMNON (son of Whisker).	
a Exorable, Mr. Bradley's, 50 at Knighton	1
a King Cole, Mr. Copeland's, the Gold cup, value 100gs. with 55 in specie, at Buxton, 200 at Dudley, the Gold cup, in specie, at Bridgnorth, and 105 at Stourbridge	4
MERCHANT (son of Selim).	
3 Menalippe, Mr. Thornhill's, 100 at Newmarket 1st Spring, 50 at Epsom, and 100 and 50 at Newmarket Houghton	4
5 Munchausen, Mr. Bishop's, 50 at Canterbury, 47 at Ashford, 50 at Isle of Thanet, and 49, 61, and 25 at Hastings and St. Leonard's	6
a Whalebone, Mr. Hornsby's, 50 at Ashford, 50 at Isle of Thanet, and twice 50 at Hastings and St. Leonard's	4
MERMAN (son of Whalebone).	
5 Single Peeper, Mr. H. Robbins', 45 and 50 at Warwick Spring	1
6 Forester, Young, Mr. Drewe's, a silver cup, with 21 in specie, at Coventry	1
THE MOLE (son of Whalebone).	
3 Bushranger, Mr. Meiklam's, 60gs. at Newton	1
3 Moleskin, Mr. Allen's, 59 at Lancaster	1
MINOS.	
5 Lop, Mr. Lucas's, 50 at Warwick	1
MONREITH.	
6 Returned, The (late Newman Noggs), Mr. Dove's, a prize whip, value 10, with a stakes added, at Royal Caledonian Hunt and Kelso	1
MOZART (son of Governor).	
a Donald Caird, Mr. Watson's, 18 at Durham; Mr. Copeland's, 25 at Carlisle; and Mr. Ainsworth's, 26 at Stirling	3
MULATTO (son of Catton).	
4 Antigua, Mr. Allen's, 55 at Manchester	1
3 Alonzo, Mr. Clark's, 100 at Doncaster	1
3 B. c. (out of Melody), Mr. Etwall's, 190 at Warwick Spring	1
3 Black Beck, Mr. Bowes', half of 400, with Launcelot, and 1300 at Doncaster 1½	
3 Br. c., Mr. Clayton's, 34 and 4lb. 1oz. at Stafford	2
4 Bloomsbury, Mr. W. Ridsdale's, 85 at Liverpool July	1
3 Champagne, Mr. W. H. Hornby's, 75 at Harwich	1
4 Easingwold, Mr. Bowman's, 45 and 42 at Stirling, 50 gs., the Silver Bells, with 100 added, and 25 at Paisley	5
3 Maroon, Lord Westminster's, 150 at Liverpool July, 90, and received 60 at Doncaster	3
3 Maid, The, Mr. A. Smith's, twice 50 at Ripon	2
3 Martha Lynn, Mr. Ramsay's, 40 at Eglinton Park	1
3 Mulciber, Mr. I. Day's, 50 at Oxford, and 50 at Warwick	2
MULEY (son of Orville).	
3 B. c. (dam by Longwaist), Mr. Langshaw's, 80 at Liverpool Autumn	1
6 Cantata, Mr. Crawford's, twice 50 at Newcastle	2
4 Charley, Mr. Buckley's, 45 at Lichfield, and 70 at Liverpool Autumn	2

3 Gibraltar, General Yates's, 170 at Doncaster, the St. Leger Stakes of 300, and the Queen's Plate of 100gs. at Newmarket First October.....	3
3 Hautboy, Mr. Edge's, 35 at Ludlow, 30 and 50 at Bridgnorth, 115 at Hereford, and 40 at Welshpool.....	5
3 Little Wonder, Mr. Robinson's, the Derby Stakes of 3,775 at Epsom....	1
3 Plover, The, Mr. Flintoff's, 50 at Burton-on-Trent, 30 at Shrewsbury, and 65 at Knutsford.....	3
a Rifleman, Mr. R. Reynard's, 10 at Yorkshire Union Hunt.....	1
3 Snoozer, Mr. Robinson's, 70 at Liverpool July.....	1
MULEY MOLOCH (son of Muley).	
2 Assagai, Lord Eglinton's, 60 (w.o.) at Dumfries.....	1
2 Birthday, Mr. Mostyn's, 220 at Newton, 40 (w.o.) at Liverpool July, and 300 at Holywell Hunt.....	3
2 Cattonian, Mr. S. King's, 100 at York Spring.....	1
2 Chivalry, Lord Eglinton's, £87 10s. at Catterick Bridge.....	1
2 Mary O'More, Mr. Bell's, 40 at York October.....	1
2 Sunflower, Mr. Fowler's, 75 at Liverpool Autumn, & 30 at Hednesford....	2
2 Teflis, Lord Eglinton's, 195 and 25 at Western Meeting.....	2
MUNDIG (son of Catton).	
2 Evelyn, Col. Hancock's, 50 at Newmarket Houghton.....	1
NEWTON.	
2 Lydia, Mr. Skerratt's, 45 at Knutsford.....	1
NIMROD.	
3 Br. f. (out of Busk), Mr. J. Day's, 65 and 60 at Bath, 50 and 75 (w.o.) at Abingdon.....	4
NONSENSE.	
3 Folly, Mr. Shelley's, 45 at Lewes, 45 at Egham, Capt. Ives's, 49 at Norfolk and Norwich, and 100 at Newmarket Second October.....	4
3 Non-gifted, Col. Wyndham's, 150 at Egham.....	1
OLYMPUS (son of Blacklock).	
2 B. f. (out of Miniature), Mr. Foster's, 50 at Worcester.....	1
OPPIDAN (son of Rubens).	
6 Harkaway, Mr. Hussey's, 35 at Abingdon.....	1
4 Isabella, Mr. Lowe's, two stakes at Stone; and 27 (disputed) at Welshpool	3
PALMERIN (son of Amadis).	
a Aggravator, Mr. Simpson's, 55 at Lincoln; and 34 at York October.....	2
PANTALOON (son of Castrel).	
3 Br. f. (sister to Sir Ralph), Mr. Pratt's, 50 at Stourbridge, and a stake at Hednesford.....	2
6 Cardinal Puff, Lord Waterford's, 45 at Croxton-park.....	1
2 Ch. f. (out of Souvenir), Mr. Denham's, 40 at Lichfield.....	1
4 Lord Mayor, The, Mr. Pearce's, the St. Wilfrid's Gold Cup, or Piece of Plate, value 100 at Ripon, and the Queen's Plate of 100 gs. at Lichfield.....	2
5 Richard Roe, Mr. Dockeray's, 110 at Rochester and Chatham.....	1
4 Sleight-of-Hand, Lord Westminster's, the Tradesmen's Cup, value 200, with 490 in specie at Liverpool July, and 205 at Doncaster.....	2
PERCY (son of Walton).	
3 B. c. (dam by Leopold), Mr. Craufurd's, 60 and the Oaks Stake at Kelso Spring.....	2
a Birthday, Mr. Crawford's, 50 at Carlisle, and 50 and 30 at Scarborough...	3
3 Hotspur, Mr. Crawford's, 25 at Scarborough.....	1
PHANTOM (YOUNG).	
6 Hamlet, Col. Thompson's, 67 at Beverley, 35 at Stockton, a Silver Cup value 50 with 10 in specie at Morpeth, and the Challenge Whip, with 80 in specie at Yorkshire Union Hunt.....	4
PHYSICIAN (son of Brutandorf).	
3 Ada, Capt. Pott's, 125 at Stockton, and 50 at Morpeth.....	2
4 Apothecary, Sir T. Stanley's, 140 at Chester.....	1
4 Annette, Mr. Erskine's, 64 at Tunbridge Wells.....	1
4 Bolus, Mr. Wormald's, 50 at Wolverhampton, and 50 at Northallerton....	2

4	Charlatan, Lord Stanley's, 50 at Holywell Hunt.....	1
4	Colchicum, Mr. Harker's, the Tradesmen's Cup, value 100, with 300 in specie, and 65 at Manchester, and Mr. Goodman's 50 at Egham.....	3
3	Dr. Caius, Lord Eglinton's, 500, the Queen's Plate of 100 gs., and the St. Leger Stakes of 470 at Liverpool July, the St. Leger Stakes of 150, and 40 (w.o.) at Paisley, the Caledonian St. Leger Stakes of 225, and 50 at Royal Caledonian Hunt and Kelso.....	5
3	Galen, Mr. Jaques's, 45 at Catterick bridge.....	1
3	Gallipot, Col. Cradock's, the St. Leger Stake of 250 and the Queen's Plate of 100gs. at Newcastle, 260 at Stockton, the Stewards' Cup value 200 with 180 in specie at Liverpool Autumn, and the Gold Cup at Northalerton.....	5
3	Interlude, Mr. Jaques's, the York Derby Stakes of 150 at York Spring, 40 and 310 at Newcastle, the Queen's Plate of 100gs. at Lancaster, and the Queen's Plate of 100gs. at Goodwood.....	5
3	Neptune, Mr. Stephenson's, 55 at Catterick Bridge.....	1
3	Resolution, Mr. J. Gill's, 50 at Newcastle, twice 50 and the Tradesmen's Plate of 70 at Carlisle, and 80 at Stockton.....	5
3	Spring-heel'd-Jack, Sir R. W. Bulkeley's, the St. Leger Stakes of 250 at Liverpool Autumn, and 100 at Holywell Hunt.....	2
PICKPOCKET (son of St. Patrick).		
4	Cracksman, Mr. Scobell's, 116 at Plymouth Spring, 200 at Plymouth Devonport and Cornwall, and 52 and 50 at Totnes and Bridgetown.....	4
PLENIPOTENTIARY (son of Emilius).		
3	Barbakin, Mr. Batson's, 70 at Chelmsford.....	1
3	Grasshopper, Mr. Edwards's, 50 at Stamford, 50 and 45 at Huntingdon, and 70 at Bedford.....	4
3	Diploma, Gen. Grosvenor's, 100 at Newmarket Craven, and received 50 at Newmarket First October.....	2
2	Diplomatist, Mr. Ford's, received 250 at Newmarket Houghton.....	1
2	Huon, Col. Peel's, 25 at Huntingdon.....	1
3	Olive Branch, Lord Albemarle's, 100 at Newmarket Craven, and 150 at Newmarket First Spring.....	2
3	Teleta, Mr. Wigram's, 50 at Newmarket Second Spring.....	1
POLYGAR.		
3	Diana, Mr. Bircham's, 34 at Eye, 50 at Ipswich, Mr. Palmer's, the Cup Stakes of 60 at Yarmouth, 50 at Huntingdon, 21 at Beccles, and 49 at Norfolk and Norwich.....	6
PRIAM (son of Emilius.)		
3	Ant, The, Lord Chesterfield's, the 26th Riddlesworth Stakes of 1,100 at Newmarket Craven.....	1
5	Ascanius, Mr. Moss's, 40 at Stafford.....	1
5	B. g. (out of Idalia), Mr. G. Calloway's, 10 (w.o.) at Dudley.....	1
5	Captain Pops, Mr. Price's, 50 at Wolverhampton, and 60 at Wrexham.....	2
3	Ch. f. (out of Rowton's dam), Lord Chesterfield's, received 400 at Newmarket Craven, and 50 at Nottingham.....	2
3	Crucifix, Lord G. Bentinck's, the 2,000gs. Stakes of 1,450 and the 1,000 gs. Stakes of 1,500 at Newmarket First Spring, and the Oaks Stakes of 2,700 at Epsom.....	3
4	Dey of Algiers, Col. Peel's, the Tradesmen's Plate of 200 with 560 in specie at Chester, and 50 at Newmarket First October.....	2
4	Frank, Mr. Saunder's, 20 at Shiffnal, 41 at Tenbury, Mr. N. Stagg's 40 at Mansfield, and 35 at Newport.....	4
3	Ilione, Lord Palmerston's, 80 at Stockbridge, the Queen's Plate of 100gs. at Guildford, and 85 and 34 at Tiverton.....	4
5	Joannina, Lord Villier's, 75 at Salisbury, and 40 and 35 at Weymouth.....	3
3	Little Philip, Mr. J. Osborne's, 150 and 60 at Manchester.....	2
3	Pansy, Mr. Bellerby's, 50 at Wolverhampton, and Mr. Hope's 55 at Redditch, and a Stake at Hednesford.....	3
4	Pergamus, Mr. W. Ley's, the City Bowl with 35 in specie, at Salisbury, 28 at Devon and Exeter, and 40 at Totness and Bridgetown.....	3
3	Polydora, Duke of Portland's, 150 at Newmarket First Spring.....	1

6	Prizeflower, Lord Chesterfield's, the Palatine Stakes of 665 at Liverpool Autumn	1
4	Uriah, Mr. Gray's, 50 at South Shields	1
4	Zoroaster, Lord Eglinton's, 30 at Eglinton Park	1

PRESIDENT.

5	Ninrod, Mr. Maynard's, 15 at Northallerton	1
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RECORD.

5	Tormentor, Mr. J. Simpson's, a Plate value 15 with a Purse added at Burton Constable Hunt, and 30 at Scarborough	2
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RECOVERY, (son of Emilius).

3	De Clifford, Lord Stanley's, 185 at Newton	1
6	Maid of Monton, Mr. Holker's, 55 at Liverpool July	1
4	Taglioni, Mr. Warburton's, a Stakes at Radcliffe Bridge	1
2	Windsor, Mr. Webb's, 70 at Ascot Heath, and 70 at Hippodrome	2

RECTOR.

a	Bearblock, Mr. Horsepool's, 50 at Croxton Park	1
6	Emma, Mr. Hilton's, 50 at Croxton Park	1

RETAINER.

3	Pathfinder, Lord Kelburne's, 300 at Catterick Bridge	1
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RETRIEVER.

2	Martyrdom, Mr. Ramsay's, 100 at Eglinton Park, 50 at Stirling, and 120 at Paisley	3
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REVELLER (son of Comus).

a	Duenna, Mr. Parker's, 55 at Coventry, 110 at Hungerford, 55 at Horwich, 35 at Bromley, and a Stake at Sandbach	5
3	Hellespont, Lord Exeter's, 200 (w.o.) at Newmarket Craven, and 125 at Ascot	2
5	Kensington, Mr. Coleman's, 50 at Gorhambury, 37 at Lee and Eltham, and 50 at Isle of Thanet	3
6	Ruby, Mr. King's, 64 at Hippodrome, 330, and the Queen's Plate of 100 gs. at Hampton and Moulsey Hurst, and 125 at Hertford	4
3	Silistria, Lord Exeter's, received 100 at Newmarket Craven, 100 at Newmarket Second October, and 100 at Newmarket Houghton	3
3	Stamboul, Lord Exeter's, received 100 at Newmarket Craven	1

REVOLUTION.

3	B. c. (out of Reposada), Mr. Calloway's, 60gs. at Chesterfield	1
3	Bedalian, Mr. Mostyn's, 85 and 70 at Chester, 60 at Wolverhampton	2
3	Maria Moak, Mr. J. Hutchinson's, 40 at Ripon, and a Purse at Richmond	2

ROBIN HOOD (son of Blacklock).

3	Ch. c. (out of Argantes' dam), Mr. Richardson's, 50 and 80 at Beverley ..	2
4	Diver, The, Mr. T. Johnstone's, 50 at Royal Caledonian Hunt and Kelso ..	1
6	Maid of Monton, Mr. Moss's, 36 at Newcastle (Staffordshire)	1

ROLLA.

5	Joe Leedham, Mr. Lister's, 24 at Brewood	1
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ROWTON (son of Oiseau).

4	Barabbas, Capt. Gardnor's, 60 and 50 at Gorhambury, 30 (with a subscription), and 60 at Epsom	4
4	Lyster, Mr. Dockeray's, 10 (w. o.) at Epsom, and 50 at Rochester and Chatham	2
4	Pulcherrima, Capt. Gardnor's, 80 at Epsom	1
4	Specimen, Mr. W. Sadler's, 40 and 60 at Plymouth, Devonport, and Cornwall; 140 and 50 at Devon and Exeter, and 44 and 35 at Tiverton	6

SIR RUBENS.

4	Didimus, Cornet Jones's, 42 at Oswestry	1
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RUBINI (son of St. Patrick.)

4	Red Rose, Mr. Hussey's, 50 at Chelmsford	1
4	Tamburini, Mr. I. Day's, 50 at Winchester	1

THE SADDLER (son of Waverly.)

3	Ch.c. (dam by Granby), Mr. Osbaldeston's, 50 at Newmarket Second Spring ..	1
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4 Courier, the Duke of Richmond's, 60 and 120 at Goodwood, the Stand Plate value 100 with 85 in specie at Salisbury, the Oxfordshire Stakes of 315 at Oxford	4
4 Provost, The, Colonel Cradock's, 120 at Doncaster	1
4 Shadow, The, Mr. Heseltine's, 50 and 80 at Durham, 55 and 50 at York August, the Gold Cup value 60 with 14 in specie at Bromley, 60 at Doncaster, and 30 at Lincoln	7
3 Snaffle, Mr. Monk's, 40 at Lewes	1
2 Squire, The, Mr. Bell's, 90 at York Spring, 350 at Liverpool July, 70 at Lincoln, and 50 (w. o.) York October	4
4 Tenebrosa, Mr. Clifton's, 50 at Hampton, 43 at Hippodrome, and Mr. Firth's, 30 and 38 at Lee and Eltham	4
SAMARCAND.	
3 Bokhara, Sir G. Heathcote's, the Ascot Derby of 300 at Ascot Heath	1
3 Dahlia, Mr. King's, 49 at Tunbridge Wells, and 50 at Canterbury	2
SANDBECK (son of Catton.)	
5 Humphrey, Mr. Milner's, 78 at Newcastle, 90 at Scarborough, the Cup value 110 with 55 in specie and 70 at Lincoln, the Gold Cup or Piece of Plate value 100 with 60 in specie and 50 at Nottingham	6
SARACEN (son of Selim.)	
4 Catchfly, Mr. J. Pettifer's, 50 and 60 at Northampton	2
3 Christinetta, Mr. Neville's, 90 at Liverpool July	1
3 Mogul, Mr. Fowler's, 30 at Bridgnorth	1
SATAN.	
3 Bl. c. (out of Peterel's dam), Sir C. Cockerell's, 50 (w. o.) at Gloucester	1
2 Diavolina, Lord Zetland's, 100 at Liverpool Autumn, 70 at Richmond, and 50 at Northallerton	3
3 Young'un, The, Mr. Dawson's, 100 at Newcastle	1
SCARBOROUGH.	
3 B. f. (out of Maggie Lauder), Mr. Birnie's, a Plate at Kelso Spring	1
SHEET ANCHOR (son of Lottery.)	
3 B. c. (out of Lady Fulford), Capt. Gardnor's, 65 at Hippodrome	1
2 Kedge, Mr. T. O. Powlett's, the Champagne Stake of 800 at Doncaster	1
SHORTWAIST (son of Whalebone.)	
4 Bedford, Mr. Higgin's, twice 50 at Hippodrome, the Gold Cup in specie with 50 added and the Hurst Cup of 50 in specie at Hampton and Moulsey Hurst, and the London Handicap of 395 at Hippodrome	5
SIR GRAY.	
4 Knight, The, Mr. Sandwell's, 29 at Ludlow, 32 at Brewoods, and 50 at Nottingham	3
SIR HERCULES (son of Whalebone)	
a Arthur, Mr. Barry's, 30 at Newport, 62 at Hereford, and 50 at Warwick	3
5 Bristolian, Mr. Coleman's, received 50 at Gorhambury	1
2 Coronation, Mr. Rawlinson's, 95 at Oxford, and 75 at Warwick	2
4 Corsair, The, Lord Lichfield's, 2,700 at Goodwood	1
3 Ch. f. (out of Coral), Mr. Fairlie's, a Match, at Western Meeting	1
6 Cruiskeen, Lord Miltown's, 365 at Goodwood	1
5 Hydra, The, Mr. Fairlie's, a Gold Cup, with 260 in specie, at Croxton Park, and the Curraghmore Handicap of 375 at Eglinton Park	2
4 Jenny Jones, Mr. Corbett's, the Gorhambury Stakes of 620 at Gorhambury, 30 at Abingdon, 50 at Oswestry, 50 at Knutsford, and 55 and 47 at Broomsgrove	6
Tiny, Mr. Phillimore's, received 25 at Gorhambury	1
3 Thessalus, Mr. Bigg's, 50 at Bibury Club	1
SIR JOHN.	
3 Sir John, Lord Westminster's, 50 (w. o.) at Manchester, and 50 at Newton	2
SPRING-GUN.	
3 Hunscombe, Mr. Lucas's, 50 at Warwick Spring	1
SKYLARK (son of Waxy Pope.)	
5 Redwing, Lord Waterford's, 85 at Croxton Park, 105 and 195 at Eglinton Park	3

4 Wings, Mr. Jackson's, 125 at Newport, and 115 at Newcastle (Staffordshire)	2
STARCH (son of Waxy Pope.)	
a Confusion, Lord Waterford's, 40 at Eglinton Park	1
ST. NICHOLAS (son of Emilius.)	
4 Appleton Lass, Mr. Kingston's, the Silver Cup with 65 in specie at Romford	1
3 Dunstan, Mr. Critchley's, 120 at Pytchley Hunt, 100 at Chester, and the St. Leger Stakes of 150 at Wolverhampton	3
2 Jessica (late Chutty), Mr. Rogers's, half of 20 with b. f. by Dr. Syntax, out of Fanchou, at Newmarket July	$\frac{1}{2}$
4 Lady Abbess, Mr. Price's, 60 at Shrewsbury, 40 at Wrexham, and 70 at Holywell Hunt	3
5 March First, Mr. Falconer's, 75 and 55 at Epsom, Mr. Downe's 60 at Devon and Exeter, and 20 at Tiverton	4
4 Orelia, Mr. Allen's, the Goodwood Stakes of 1,350 at Goodwood	1
6 Pocket Hercules, Mr. W. Ley's, 50 at Bibury Club, and 49 at Winchester	2
2 St. Cloud, Mr. Worrall's, half of 75 with Myrtle, sister to Merle, at Newmarket Second Spring, and received 25 at Newmarket Houghton	$1\frac{1}{2}$
5 St. Leonard, Mr. Ogden's, 39 at Eccles, 21 at Radcliffe Bridge, and 40 at Sandbach	3
ST. PATRICK (son of Walton)	
3 Currency, Duke of Grafton's, 200 at Newmarket Craven, and the Cup Stakes of 110 at Northampton	2
a Daniel, Mr. J. Smith's, 14 at Yarmouth, and 35 at Beccles	2
3 Garryowen, Mr. Byng's, 50 at Newmarket July, 25 at Newmarket Second October, and twice 100 at Newmarket Houghton	4
4 Nominee, Mr. Monk's, 50 at Lewes	1
5 St. Francis, Mr. Pettit's, received 100 at Newmarket Craven, the Queen's Plate of 100 gs. at Newmarket First Spring, received 100 at Newmarket Second Spring, the Gold Vase given by her Majesty value 240, and the Gold Cup value 300 with 420 in specie, and the Queen's Plate of 100 gs. (w. o.) at Ascot Heath	6
STREPHON (son of Rubens).	
6 Sam Weller, Mr. Davies's, 35 at Abergavenny, 30 at Knighton and a stakes at Kington	3
STUMPS (son of Whalebone).	
6 Barclay, Mr. Davies's, 24 at Swansea, 20 at Aberystwith, and 24 at Red-ditch	3
3 Bro to Rosetta, Mr. Taylor's, 50 at Worcester	1
5 Decorator, Sir C. Constable's, the Hull cup value 15 gs. with a purse added, at Burton Constable	1
5 Gr. G. (brother to Goldicote), Mr. J. Smythe's, 20 at Yorkshire union hunt	1
2 Portrait, Mr. Roycastle's, 140 at Manchester, 250 at the Potteries, 75 at Wolverhampton, and 40 (w. o.) at Shrewsbury	4
SULTAN (son of Selim)	
3 Amurath, Lord Exeter's, 50 at Newmarket second spring, the Grand Duke Michael stakes of 750 at Newmarket first October, 200 and ran a dead heat with Perseus at Newmarket second October, and 50 at Newmarket Houghton	$4\frac{1}{2}$
4 Clarion, Mr. S. Herbert's, the gold cup stakes of 80 at Litchfield, the cup value 100 in specie, and 30 (w. o.) at Abingdon, the gold cup value 150 in specie, and 75 at Shrewsbury, the Cesarewitch stakes of 910 at Newmarket second October	6
4 Gallipoli, Lord Exeter's, 50 at Newmarket second spring	1
5 Nubian, Mr. Sandiland's, 50gs. and 35 at Kelso Spring and 50 and 45 at Eglinton Park	4
2 Wahab, Mr. Wreford's, 600 and 190 at Newmarket first October	2
3 Scutari, Lord Exeter's, the Newmarket stakes of 800 at Newmarket first spring, 200, 300 (w. o.) and 100 at Ascot Heath	4
TAMWORTH.	
3 Sir Robert, Mr. Wayman's, 50 (w. o.), at Breconshire	1

- 6 Tamworth, Young, Mr. Dallimore's, 27 at Hereford..... 1
 3 Waterdine, Mr. Gough's, 35, a stakes with a purse added at Aberystwith... 1

TARRARE (son of Catton).

- 3 Fearnought, Mr. Theobald's, 200 at Goodwood..... 1

TAURUS (son of Phantom, or Morisco).

- 3 Assassin, Lord Albemarle's, the Column stakes of 875 at Newmarket Craven, and received 100 at Newmarket Houghton..... 2
 3 Billow, Duke of Bedford's, the Tuesday's Riddlesworth stakes of 400 at Newmarket Craven, and a stakes at Bedford..... 2
 4 Flambeau, Mr. W. S. Stanley's, 200 and 60 at Newmarket Craven, 50 at Newmarket second spring, 80 at Ascot Heath, 200 and received 100 at Newmarket second October, and 200 at Newmarket Houghton..... 7
 4 Io, Capt. Gardnor's, 80 at Epsom spring, 50 at Gorhambury, and 230 at the Hippodrome..... 3
 2 Joujou, Duke of Bedford's, half of 150 with Dr. Dilworth at Ascot Heath, 250 at Goodwood, and 70 at Bedford..... 2½
 3 King of the Peak, Duke of Bedford's, 100 at Bedford spring, and 380 at Newmarket second spring..... 2
 2 Minx, Duke of Rutland's, the Chesterfield stakes of 450 at Newmarket July, and 100 at Newmarket Houghton..... 2

TOMBOY (son of Jerry).

- 3 Hoyden, Lord Derby's, 75 at Wolverhampton..... 1
 2 Moonbeam, Mr. Brookes's, 35 at Beverley, and 300 at York August..... 2
 2 Pelerine, Mr. Etwall's, received 100 at Bibury, and 350 at Goodwood..... 2
 2 Toryboy, Mr. Buckley's, 150 at Chester..... 1

TRAMP.

- a Gipsej, Lord Normanby's, 100 at Newmarket first spring..... 1
 a Scroggins, Mr. Boyce's, 80 and 50 at Newmarket Craven, and 50 at Newmarket Houghton..... 3

TRANBY (son of Blacklock).

- 5 I-am-not-aware, Col. Peel's, 50 at Huntington..... 1

THE TULIP (son of Wamba).

- 2 Blanche, Mr. Faulconer's, 50 (w. o.) at Egham, and Capt. Colquitt's, 70 at Newmarket Houghton..... 2
 3 Tuly, Mr. F. R. Price's, 30 at Newton, 75 and 50 at Wrexham, and 50 and the Mostyn Handicap stakes at Holywell hunt..... 5

TURCOMAN.

- 4 Roscius, Mr. Graydon's, the Cambridgeshire stakes of 635, and 130 at Newmarket Houghton..... 2

VAGABOND (son of Cain).

- 2 Naamah, Mrs. Massey's, 50 at Nottingham..... 1

VANISH (son of Phantom).

- 4 Brother to Vain, Mr. Frost's, stake at Hednesford..... 1
 3 Exit, Lord Albemarle's, 175 at Gorhambury..... 1
 a Sunbeam, Mr. Ramsay's, 20 and 90 at Eglinton Park, 75 at Manchester, 50 and a cup value 50 with 18 in specie at Stirling, 50gs. at Paisley, and 50 and 15 at Western meeting..... 8

VICAR.

- 4 Curate, Mr. Wickham's, 55 at Isle of Sheppey..... 1

VELOCIPED (son of Blacklock).

- 3 Amulet, Lord Eglinton's, 45 at Chester..... 1
 3 Capote, Lord G. Bentinck's, 300 at Liverpool July..... 1
 3 Confederate, Mr. Houldsworth's, 75 at Bath spring..... 1
 6 Fieschi, Mr. Wormald's, a superb silver tea service, with 55 in specie at York October, and the silver cup value 50 at Northallerton..... 2
 3 High Pressure, Mr. Bowes's, 200 at Newmarket first spring..... 1
 3 Little Wonder, The, Capt. Delme's, 40 (w. o.) at Bishop's Waltham..... 1
 2 Millipede, Mr. Wormald's, 95 at Catterick Bridge, 70 at Beverley, and 70 at Stockton..... 3

4	Mickleton Maid, Mr. Bowes's, the stand cup value 100 with 240 in specie at Liverpool July, 80 at Goodwood, the Warwick cup value 395 in specie at Warwick, and the Queen's plate of 100gs. at Leicester.....	4
	Miss Heathcote, Mr. Graden's, twice 90 at Liverpool autumn, and Mr. Cleary's, 240 at Newmarket Houghton	2
3	Rhodanthe, Lord Stanley's, 130 at Chester, 120 at Liverpool autumn, and 130 and 60 at Holywell Hunt.....	4
a	Valentissimo, Sir G. Heathcote's, the Queen's plate of 100 gs. at Egham..	1
6	Willesden, Mr. Payne's, 225 at Marlow.....	1
VOLTAIRE, (son of Blacklock).		
3	B. f. (out of Purcelle), Mr. Smith's, 50 at Northallerton	1
4	Charles XII., Mr. Johnstone's, 130 at Liverpool July	1
4	Dean, The, Mr. Collett's, 45 at Shiffnal, 85 and the Cup stake of 70 at Ludlow, 445 at Gloucester, and twice 70 (w.o.) at Stourbridge.....	6
4	Fair Louisa, Mr. Haworth's, the Manor gold cup, value 100, with 300 in specie, at Newton.....	1
2	Thirsk, Mr. Bell's, 70 at Catterick Bridge, 225 and 150 at Newcastle, and 200 at Stockton	4
2	Yorkshire Lad (since dead), Mr. Wilson's, the July stake of 920 at Newmarket July.....	1
WAMBA (son of Merlin).		
4	Nell, Mr. Hughes', 80 at Abergavenny, 26 at Newport, a silver cup, with 9 in specie, at Hereford; Mr. Powell's, 31 at Breconshire, and 21 and 30 at Monmouth.....	6
WAVERLEY (son of Whalebone).		
3	Rose Bradwardine, Mr. Bristow's, 175 (w.o.) at Warwick, and 85 at Abingdon.....	2
6	Waverer, The, Mr. Blackburn's, 25 at York October.....	1
WHISKER (son of Waxy Pope).		
a	Catharina, Mr. Barrow's, 50 at Chester, 60gs. at Newton, 25 and 35 at Bishop's Castle, 36 at Bridgnorth, 50 and 40 at Burnley, 80, 50, and 60 at Chesterfield, and 45 and 25 at Welshpool.....	12
WINDCLIFFE.		
-	B. f. (out of Dabchick), Mr. Jones', a stake at Monmouth.....	1
WHITWORTH.		
-	Eliza, Mr. Lister's, 50 at Durham.....	1
ZEALOT.		
4	Auburn, Mr. Osbaldeston's, twice 50 at Southampton.....	2
ZINGANEE (son of Tramp).		
5	Bay Hampton, Mr. Gough's, 55 at Haverfordwest, 65 and 40 at Swansea and Neath, and 89 at Breconshire.....	4
-	B. m., Sir C. R. Cockerell's, 30 and 17 at Bibury Spring.....	2
5	Beggarmen, Duke of Orleans', the Gold cup, 300, with 500 in specie, at Goodwood	1
5	Chymist, Mr. Coleman's, 70 and 75 at Rochester and Chatham.....	2
ACTÆON or VELOCIPEDE.		
5	Vertumnus, Mr. T. Walter's, 95 at Hereford.....	1
BLACKLOCK or LANGAR.		
a	Sir Felix, Mr. Bond's, 29 at Marlborough, and 29 at Monmouth	2
BUZZARD or Dr. SYNTAX.		
2	Doctor Dilworth, Lord Albemarle's, half of 150 with Joujou at Ascot Heath	½
CADLAND or CAIN.		
6	Finality, Mr. Robinson's, 45 at Wenlock, 55 at Dudley, 45 at Wolverhampton, and 95 at Ashby de la Zouch.....	4
CETUS or ROWTON.		
4	Glenlivat, Duke of Richmond's, the Leamington stakes of 1390 at Warwick.	1
PANTALON or TULIP.		
3	Rose of Maelor, The, Mr. Price's, 60 at the Pottery.....	1
PHYSICIAN or GAINSBOROUGH.		
4	La Sage Femme, Mr. Bell's, 75 at Newton, and the Gold cup, or piece of plate, value 100, at Stockton.....	2

SIR GRAY or BIRDCATCHER.

- 3 Trustee, Mr. Mostyn's, the St. Leger Stake of 125 at Newton, and 50 at Holywell Hunt..... 2

THE SADDLER or TRAMP.

- 4 Fitzambo, Mr. Treen's, 110 at Coventry, and twice 50 at Norfolk, and Norwich..... 3

VANISH or FILHO DA PUTA.

- a Luther, Mr. Sandiland's, 50 at Ipswich, and twice 50 at Yarmouth..... 3

WORLABY BAYLOCK or PETER LIBERTY.

- 2 Hambleton Baylock, Mr. Hesseltine's, received 100 at York Spring 1

ON NOMENCLATURE.

"ALL IN THE WRONG."

THE communications of Messrs. Forester and Cypress Jr., have recalled my attention to the nomenclature of the partridges; and as their views do not appear to me to be correct, and as I have myself committed an error, I think a few further remarks may not be amiss, premising that I had the use of a good library at hand when I penned the former article, and can make no reference except to my own on this occasion. On account of their being standard modern works, I shall make use of the following, and the synonymes therein cited:—

1. Jardine's Natural History of Game Birds.—
Edinburgh: 1834.
2. Jenyn's Manual of British Vertebrate Animals.*—
Cambridge and London: 1835.
3. Audubon's Synopsis of the Birds of North America.—
Edinburgh: 1839.
4. Nuttall's Ornithology of the United States and Canada.—
Boston: 1840.

Linnaeus, although a great naturalist, and the father of zoological nomenclature, had a very imperfect conception of what constitutes a genus. Thus, besides including the brown, black, and white bears in the genus *Ursus*, he named our racoon *Ursus lotor*, although it is not a bear. It is now called *Procyon lotor*, a new generic name being given to it, to which the old specific name has been added. The genus *Tetrao* of Linnaeus is restricted to the grouse, and a more recent division separates the ptarmigans under the name *Lagopus*, generally considered a subgenus of the former. I will take the fox as an illustration of a subgenus. The Linnæan genus *Canis* includes the foxes, the European species being the *Canis vulpes*. But the foxes are not considered to differ sufficiently from the dogs to entitle them to a distinct generic appellation; hence they are placed in the subgenus *Vulpes*, being distinguished by the

* Mr. Forester asserts that Bewick is "decidedly the best British ornithologist." Bewick's is certainly a good book, but there are better works devoted exclusively to British birds; as those of Seib, Yarrel, and Macgillivray, the two last beautifully illustrated with woodcuts. Sir Wm. Jardine's work on the same subject is not all published.

pointed muzzle, bushy tail, and especially by having a long narrow pupil, which, in the dogs, is circular. Now if we call the foxes *Vulpes*, we cannot call the European species *Vulpes vulpes*, but must invent a new specific name, hence this animal is termed *Vulpes vulgaris*, but it is a rule that no specific name can be changed unless a change like this occurs. Linnæus named the only North American bird of the partridge family *Tetrao Virginianus*; when the genus *Perdix* was instituted, it became *Perdix Virginianus*, and now that a more minute (or subgeneric) distinction is thought necessary, it becomes an *Ortyx*. Those who do not admit the last division continue to call the genus *Perdix*; and it would be just as absurd to call a raccoon and a badger *Ursus*, as this bird *Tetrao*. If it is proper for those ornithologists who do not admit the subgenera *Perdix*, *Ortyx*, *Coturnix*, and *Lophortyx* (Californian partridges with plumed heads), to name all these *Perdix*, it is certainly not improper to term the *Ortyges partridges*, for although the quail of Europe may be considered a kind of partridge, no partridge or *Ortyx* can be considered a kind of quail. Mr. Forester is right, and I am wrong, with respect to the subgenus of the European partridges, which belong to the subgenus *Perdix*, or partridge proper; whence the partridge, quail, and American bird, belong to those distinct subgenera, our bird being as far removed as ever from any species of quail, of which there are many. Mr. Forester objects to the term *Ortyx*, but it cannot be changed, as being the first proposed for the section to which it is attached; and it was chosen because it was easier to adopt, than to invent a new name. The Turkey genus is called by a Latin name for the same reason.

"The English books" to which I referred in part, are those whose titles stand above. Jardine calls our bird "The Virginian quail or partridge, (following Wilson, of whose work he edited an English edition), whilst Jenyn terms it "Virginian partridge." Latham makes three species of it, viz.: "the Virginian, Maryland, and Mexican partridge," the last being the young, according to Nuttall. Shaw calls it "Northern Colin," this term meaning "a bird of the partridge kind."—[Webster.] Were the bird a quail, Shaw would have said so, being well acquainted with the quails. It is also the "American partridge or quail" of Nuttall.

I inferred that Mr. Cypress Jr. had not read the modern authors on our ornithology, because he says the *partridge* is called *Tetrao*, and I think my inference was a fair one. However, as the gentleman takes issue on this point, I explain the matter by supposing that he means grouse (*Tetrao*) when he writes "partridge." Audubon, in his Synopsis, calls the ruffed grouse "Partridge Pheasant," although he refers to it as being described under the name of ruffed grouse in his fifth volume, the name given it by Wilson, Nuttall, Richardson, Swainson, and Jardine. I could not "dream" that a writer could have consulted any of these authorities, and afterwards term a grouse "partridge."

Mr. C. has fully succeeded in placing his errors in definition upon certain lexicographers, but these gentry know as little as any of us to what particular animals, plants, or minerals, the ancients attached

certain names. You might puzzle a bishop, by showing him a mineral, and requesting to know whether it is the ——— of the Bible. Cuvier has done more, perhaps, than any lexicographer, to clear up the confusion existing in the definition of these names. He first informed us, for instance, to what bird now known the name *Ibis* was applied. Birds must be known before they can be named, and lexicographers are not famous for their acquaintance with this subject. Natural history Latin may be bad enough, but depend upon it, Mr. Cypress, "Law Latin" is equally defective.

The "errors of Wilson" are those of nomenclature, and they were unavoidable, as I have already remarked. I made no allusion to his vulgar names, having referred to his systematic nomenclature alone, wherein he occasionally adds a new name to a species which had been named previously. It was *not* Audubon, but Bonaparte, who rectified these errors; and we are indebted to him, moreover, for a continuation of Wilson in four volumes, containing the most elaborately finished plates of birds ever engraved. Mr. C. must not infer that I undervalue the labors of Wilson, because I make a casual allusion to his errors. As an observer, as an ornithologist, he stands much above his successors, and we owe him our gratitude for his labors in clearing the subject of the rubbish with which it was encumbered. Wilson is the last man at whom I would presume to "fling a pirate shot," and I recently read with the greatest pleasure, the refutation of a charge of plagiarism preferred against him by Mons. Audubon. I may add that I felt this stroke of Mr. C. much more than any other in the same article.

Cypress Jr. alludes to the Maryland partridge of Latham, and wishes to know whether the bird might not be called *Perdix Novaboracensis* if found in New York? By no means. Latham thought he was describing different species, it being a rather common occurrence for an ornithologist to mistake a female, or young, or birds in different plumage, for distinct species. In such cases the earliest name must stand, and the later and incorrect ones are cancelled the moment it is discovered that the supposed new species has (or have) no existence.

"Latham, Audubon, and others, have wholly stricken *Coturnix* from existence, so far as this country is concerned," because not a single species is found here, as I have endeavored to show. Jardine (who elevates *Ortyx* and *Coturnix* to the rank of genera) says—

"The genus *Ortyx* was formed by Stevens, the continuator of Shaw's General Zoology, for the reception of the thick and strong-billed partridges of the new world." "The Quails, forming the genus *Coturnix* of moderns, are at first sight so similar to the partridges, that they are not to be distinguished without a knowledge of their habits, and examination of their forms. In the bill and legs there are slight modifications, but the form of the wing is quite different, the first three quills being longest, while in the partridges the third is the longest [and the third and fourth in *Ortyx*: Nutt.] and a rounded wing of less power is the consequence. It may be recollected that, though the partridges were said to migrate in some countries, the migration is comparatively very partial, and often only from one part of a continent to another; on the other hand, almost all the quails migrate to a certain distance, and hence perform lengthened journeys, often across the seas. In their habits they also show considerable difference, as they never perch."

Our bird does perch, however; *ergo*, it is not a quail. Taking English names as the standard, we certainly make ourselves ridiculous in applying them to our birds. Thus we call vultures, buzzard and crow; a thrush, robin (the English blackbird is a thrush); a buzzard, hawk; and more locally, a grouse, partridge; an ortyx, quail; and a perch, salmon!

Should a State Legislature make it penal to kill "pheasants, partridges, and quails," I would not hesitate to incur a suit, as I could prove that these families are not in America. For my own part I like this confusion, and should like to see it ten times greater, as it would tend to throw the vulgar names into disrepute. I go so far as to erase the English names from the plates of my works on natural history. I believe I have stated all the facts of the case, and leave it with the reader to decide with what propriety he has hitherto applied certain English names to the ORTYX VIRGINIANA and TETRAO UMBELLUS.

H.

Notes of the Month.

FEBRUARY.

Rushlight.—We learn with great pleasure that Col. HAMPTON of South Carolina, has presented to C. F. M. NOLAND, Esq. of Batesville, Ark. his mare *Rushlight*. She has just been sent to Kentucky in foal to Imp. Priam; the produce is reserved by Col. H. She there goes to Monarch and becomes entirely the property of Mr. Noland.

This gentleman is likewise the owner of *Lily*, an own sister to Ostrich, (the dam of Decatur, Tarquin, and Suffolk.) She is now in foal to Imp. Whale and will go next season to Imp. Priam, or Boston.

Fresh Importations.—A New Orleans paper informs us that the Messrs. ROUZAN of Louisiana, have been making an importation of English stock. Among them we see the names of *Hugh Lupus*, by Priam, *Margravine* and *Susanette*. The importation is made by natives of Louisiana, gentlemen of large wealth and with the right spirit to make use of it.

Maj. WM. JONES, of Long Island, has engaged J. W. Palmer to train for him this year. Mr. Palmer has been training for several years in Georgia, and was the first man to predict the renown of *Gano*.

Col. S. W. SHELTON, of Georgia, will open a training stable at the Hampton Course, Augusta, next Spring. He has engaged A. M. JEWELL as trainer.

Harkaway.—This great race-horse has been on exhibition at Dublin, at two and sixpence sterling per head. We have learned through an individual recently arrived in America, that his owner rides him to hounds every week, and Ferguson is said to be one of the boldest riders in the Old Country. We have heard a bit of turf scandal within the few past months relating to this horse, which we repeat, and it may pass with our readers for what it is worth: viz., that Harkaway was got by Velocipede not Economist. The strongest ground for the report is his

great resemblance to the stock of the former horse, which is marked by the strongest peculiarities.

OBITUARY.—Death of Passenger.—The imported horse PASSENGER, by Langar, out of My Lady by Comus, belonging to Maj. RINGGOLD, died a few weeks since of Lock-jaw. In his day, he was thought one of the best of the 3 yr. olds, and his racing career, though so short, has been brilliant. Passenger was purchased by his last owner at auction for \$2180; we sincerely regret the loss he has sustained in the death of Passenger.

We regret to learn the loss of the celebrated horse *Washington*; he died at the stable of Daniel Kiezer in Dayton, Montgomery Co., Ohio, on the night of the 12th of January last. He was by Timoleon out of Ariadne by Imp. Citizen, and was twenty-two years old at the time of his death. He is a serious loss to the breeders of the State of Ohio.

A correspondent thus announces the death of *Benbow* :—

"I believe I have never informed you of *Benbow's* death. He died about the 10th of December, with something like consumption, brought on, it is believed, by bad grooming during his last Spring season at Charlotte Court House.—*Benbow* promised to make a valuable stallion; his first colts dropped last Spring, were fine and very blood-like; and his loss is a serious one to his owners, as well as to the public.

Yours,

CAROLINA."

Sales of Blood Stock.—Hon. BALIE PEYTON, of New Orleans, has bought of H. C. CAMMACK, Esq., the Imp. mare *Victoria* by Bay Malton out of Polly Oliver, now 6 years old; price \$500.

Mr. J. G. BOSWELL, of Kentucky, has sold to F. S. HARMAN, Esq., of Carrollton, La., *Grey Fanny* (the dam of *Grey Medoc*) by Bertrand, dam by Imp. Buzzard, and her filly at foot by Imp. Hedgford; price \$4000. *Fanny* is now stinted to Birmingham.

Mr. Boswell has likewise sold to Mr. JOHN W. TISDALE, of Bayou Sara, La., a yearling filly by Trumpator out of *Grey Fanny*; price \$1000.

J. M. ROUZAN, Esq., of New Orleans, La., has bought the following imported blood stock from Robert Lucas, of Liverpool.

No. 1. Bay horse, *Hugh Lupus*, foaled in 1836, bred by the Hon. Edward Lloyd Mostyn, by the celebrated Priam, out of Her Highness by Moses.

No. 2. Ch. mare *Margravine*, foaled in 1835 (bred by Mr. Watt); got by *Margrave*, dam *Whisker* mare, and now in foal to Langar.

No. 3. Bay filly, 2 yrs. old (bred by John Bowers, Esq.), by Langar, out of Lady Stafford's dam, by Waxy.

Messrs. ROUZAN & DUPLANTIER have bought from A. D. SHEPARD, Esq., of New Orleans, the following blood stock: his Imp. bay mare by *Filho da Puta*, out of sister to Spartan, price \$1000; Imp. bay mare by Young Blacklock, out of *Spermaceti*, price \$1000.

Mr. CHEATHAM has sold old *Isabella*, dam of *Picton*, &c., for \$1000, reserving the colt she has next Spring. She was purchased by Messrs. PARKER and Co., of Tennessee, and we learn will be bred to Imp. *Leviathan*.

We are requested to announce that some gentlemen in Philadelphia desire to fight a *Mam of Cocks*, not to exceed 31 in number, to weigh from 4lbs. 6oz. to 6lbs. 4oz., against New York, or any other State in the Union—to come off at any time before Easter Monday, for \$2000 a side. Should any individual desire to accept the banter, the names of the parties offering it will be given at this office.

NAMES CLAIMED.—GARLAND WEBB, Esq., of Scott County, Ky., claims the following names:—*John Archy* for his ch. c., 3 yrs. old, by John Richards, dam by old Whip: that of *Sir Robert* for his ch. c., 3 yrs., by *Medoc*, dam by Tiger (own brother to *Red Morocco*): that of *Grey Wing* for his gr. f., 2 yrs., by *Medoc*, dam by Whip: that of *Black Rover* for his bl. c., by Eclipse, dam by Whip.

HENRY J. MCDANIEL claims the name of *Waddy Thompson* for his ch. c., foaled 30th April, 1840, by Imp. Emancipation, dam by Trafalgar.

Col. A. H. ANDERSON, of Burk County, Ga., claims the name of *Anthony Wayne* for his ch. c., by Bertrand, Jr., dam by *Leviathan*—3 yrs. old.

JAMES WILSON, Esq., of Pittsburgh, Pa. claims the following names for his stock, viz.:

No. 1. That of *Lady Wilkins*, for his b. m., the dam of Aroostook and Maria Wilkins, by Haxall's Moses, out of Lady Hanson by imported Spread Eagle, grandam by Hilton's imported Herod. She had a foal by imported Envoy last spring and is now stunted to imported Envoy again.

No. 2. That of *Aroostook*, for his b. c. 3 years old, by Rodolph, (he by Consul out of St. Tammany,) out of Lady Wilkins by Haxall's Moses.

No. 3. That of *Catherine Wilkins*, for his b. f. 3 years old, by Mucklejohn, dam by Hamiltonian.

No. 4. That of *Emma Wheatley*, for his ch. m. by Pirate, out of Lady Wilkins by Haxall's Moses. She had a foal by imported Envoy last spring, and is now stunted to imported Envoy again.

No. 5. That of *Maria Wilkins*, for his ch. f. 2 years old, by imported Envoy, out of Lady Wilkins by Haxall's Moses.

No. 6. That of *Ellen Tree*, for his b. m. foaled in 1835, by Veto, dam by Sir Charles, in foal by imported Envoy, and now stunted to imported Envoy again.

Maj. JAMES SURGET, of Natchez, Miss., claims the name of *Tip and Tye*, for a bay sucking colt, by Imp. Leviathan, out of Nut-brown-Maid by Stockholder.

Dr. J. C. WRIGHT, of Palmyra, Mo., claims the name of *Manfred*, for his yearling bay colt, by Ohio, out of Patsy Woodson.

CHARLES M. ANDERSON, of Tennessee, claims the names of *George Booker*, *Green Bonnets*, *Ada Byron*, *Blue Bonnets*, and *Troubador*.

Dr. H. A. G. ROBERTS, of Hinds Co., Miss., claims the following names:—That of *Glengarry* for his 2 yr. old colt by Imp. Glencoe, out of Mary Patton, and *Jo Ann* for his yearling ch. f. by Imp. Glencoe, out of Mary Patton.

G. B. LONG, of Hopkinsville, Ky., that of *Tarantula* for a ch. f. by Imp. Belshazzar, out of Mary Jane Davis, by Stockholder, foaled last Spring. Also that of *Darius* for a ch. c. by Imp. Belshazzar, out of Ellen Mott, she out of Pete Whetstone's dam, dropped last Spring.

Dr. WHITLOCK, of Limestone Co., Ala., claims the name of *Richarda* for a gr. m. by Sir Richard, dam by Sir Archy, grandam by Tyremsele (?) (he by old Bellair, out of Lady Bolingbroke by Imp. Pantaloon), g. g. dam by Bonaparte (he by Imp. Diomed), g. g. g. dam by old Celer, &c. 1840 stunted to Eclipse.

The name of *Lustre* is claimed for a gr. f. by Imp. Luzborough, out of Richarda.

That of *Lamplighter* for a gr. c. by Imp. Luzborough, out of Richarda.

That of *Redbone* for a b. c. by Imp. Luzborough, out of Sally Roy by Sir Archy.

That of *Felie Sykes* for a br. f. by Imp. Luzborough, dam by Timoleon.

J. C. BRICKEY, of Potosi, Mo., that of *Sergeant McDonald* for his yearling b. c. by K. H. Muse's Arab, dam by Molock.

R. W. BRICKEY that of *Helen Mar* for his yearling b. f. by K. H. Muse's Arab, grandam by Potomac.

ROBERT HILL that of *Boston Jr.* for his ch. c. foaled last Spring, by K. H. Muse's Arab, dam unknown.

Muse's Arab was by old Arab, dam by old Bay Arab. He has some fine colts in that section of the country; next Fall many of them will come upon the Turf.

URIEL WRIGHT, Esq., claims the name of *Pathfinder* for a bay colt, 2 yrs. old, by Ohio, out of a Gracchus mare.

KEATING SIMMONS, Esq., of Charleston, S. C., claims the name of *Wigfall* for his ch. c. 2 yrs. old, by Rienzi out of Santa Anna's dam.

Mr. W. BOWMAN, of Bardstown, Ky., claims the name of *Banner* for the first colt he has foaled this year.

DAVID MYERS, Esq., of Autauga Co., Ala., claims the name of *Heavy Wet* for his gr. yearling c. by Bill Austin, dam by Pacolet.

GAMBLING CASE.—A very extraordinary disclosure, the particulars of which have, for some time, been in our possession, but which, from motives of delicacy, we abstained from publishing, has lately appeared in the newspapers, in the report of a case heard in the Vice Chancellor's Court. The parties are George Osbal-

deston, Esq., plaintiff, and Capt. Charles Proby Bowles, Simpson, and others, defendants; and the case arose out of an injunction obtained by the former, restraining proceedings at law on several promissory notes for £1000 each, given by Mr. Osbaldeston to Capt. Bowles, in a certain transaction at play. The substance of the alleged facts was thus detailed by the Vice Chancellor in giving his judgment for continuing the injunction:—

The plaintiff had won from Captain Bowles a large sum of money, for which he had been paid £700 in cash, and received a security for £2100. It also appeared, from the answer, that Captain Bowles had discovered the circumstance which enabled him to state, in brief, that the money had been fraudulently won, and then it appeared that an accusation had been made against the plaintiff in respect of the fraud. It also further appeared, from the answer, that, on the 18th of April, Mr. Osbaldeston went to the Oriental Club, and saw Captain Bowles with the defendant Simpson, and that the latter accused Mr. Osbaldeston of having introduced a packet containing false cards, and that thereupon an accusation was also made, both by Bowles and Simpson, that Osbaldeston had knowingly and willingly played with the cards he had so introduced, upon which occasion Bowles read a section from an act of Parliament against gaming, to inform Osbaldeston that he had incurred a penalty of treble the amount of the money he had won, and that the plaintiff denied he had introduced any such cards; but, being anxious to come to some arrangement, called upon Simpson twice and requested him to interfere, desiring to know on what terms the matter could be arranged, and saying that he was ready to give back the money and the note. Then Captain Bowles stated that he refused to accede to the proposal, feeling and thinking, as he said, that Mr. Osbaldeston ought to be punished by exposure for practising so foul and gross a fraud upon him, and that he ought to receive a wholesome check against practising the same upon other persons. Then it appeared, on the 23d of April, Mr. Simpson came to Captain Bowles and offered, on the part of Mr. Osbaldeston, to return the note and pay £3000, which offer was refused, and then Mr. Simpson asked on what terms Captain Bowles would settle the matter, and whether he would take £7000; but that Captain Bowles refused, and it was at last agreed that he should accept £8000, which was to be given by Mr. Osbaldeston in eight promissory notes, payable at seven days after date, and if they were not paid Mr. Osbaldeston was to give £9000; and Mr. Simpson then asked Captain Bowles to give Mr. Osbaldeston a letter, binding himself in a penalty of £10,000 never to divulge what had taken place, which Captain Bowles accordingly did. It was said all this was done deliberately and without pressure, but his Honor did not think that was the true inference from the circumstances stated in the answer. First, there was a proposal for a compromise on the part of Mr. Osbaldeston, which Captain Bowles refused, and then Mr. Osbaldeston desired time to consult, not his legal adviser, but his friends at Newmarket, the very last persons in the world to give advice on such an occasion; so that, throughout all these transactions, it was plain the thing that operated on the mind of Mr. Osbaldeston was the fear of the accusation made against him, that he had played with false cards. The fact that he was desirous to obtain the letter which Captain Bowles gave, shewed what was the pressure upon his mind: then the Court had Captain Bowles stating, in his own answer, that he did not think mere restitution was sufficient, but that it was right he, for his own benefit, should exact from the plaintiff a penalty which he said was to punish the plaintiff for what he had done, and to deter him from practising the same thing on others. But for whose benefit was the penalty affixed? It was affixed by Captain Bowles for his own benefit, as it appeared, under a pressure on the mind of the plaintiff of the threat of an accusation of its being made public that he had used false cards. His Honor thought the case was one that was perfectly cognisable in equity, and that the circumstance of a court of law having a concurrent jurisdiction did not, in his opinion, oust the jurisdiction of this court. There was quite enough, in his Honor's opinion, of what was stated on the bill admitted by the defendants, to enable him to say the injunction ought to be continued.